

This Number Contains a Superb Historic Picture from the Only Photograph Taken of the Signing of the Spanish Peace Protocol. Double-page, on Heavy Coated Paper, and Suitable for Framing.

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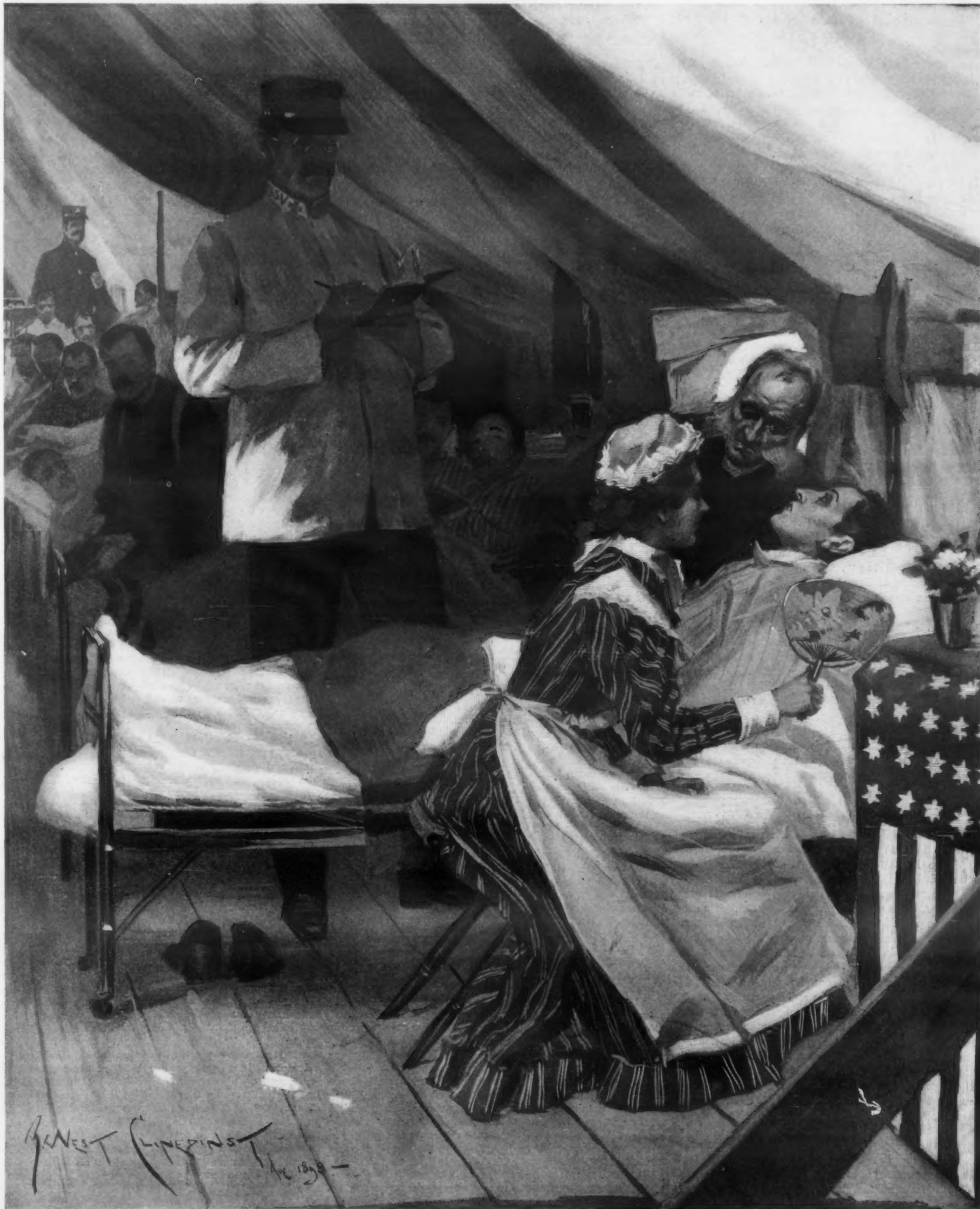
LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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"BREAK THE NEWS TO MOTHER!"

THE DYING HERO'S LAST MESSAGE—A PATHETIC INCIDENT OF SOLDIER-LIFE AT CAMP, MONTAUK POINT.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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Possible Complications.

THE peace commission appointed by President McKinley, to deal with Spain, is made up of Secretary of State William R. Day, Senators Cushman K. Davis, of Minnesota, and William P. Frye, of Maine, Judge Edward D. White, of the Supreme Court of the United States, and Whitelaw Reid, the able and experienced editor of the New York Tribune. Mr. Day has been thought to be inclined to oppose our colonial expansion. Judge White has openly questioned the proposed extension of our national interests, while Mr. Reid, of the Tribune, and Senators Davis and Frye have been notable and powerful advocates of the extension of our sovereignty to every desirable new possession which has fallen under the shadow of our flag.

It is not pleasant to read that the commission is to be the guest of France, a nation not only friendly to Spain, but clearly unfriendly to the United States during the recent war, and that the meetings are to be held in the ambassador's sumptuous salon at the French foreign office, the most elegant official apartment in Europe. It would be better if the commission were removed as far as possible from French influence, for this is but another name for Spanish influence. In this connection it is significant that the Spanish ambassador to Paris is mentioned as likely to be chairman of Spain's board of peace commissioners.

We said at the outset, after the publication of the terms of the protocol, that these terms were not apparently clear and conclusive. Spanish advisers indicate that Spain seriously questions the scope of the protocol. Spain is doing what it has done in all its dealings with us on the Cuban question, availing itself of every technicality, quibble, and device to take advantage of the United States. Madrid newspapers are caviling about trifles questioning the fate of criminals in Cuba; the possibility that Spain may have to use force to compel the Cuban insurgents to cease hostilities and respect the protocol; asserting that in relinquishing Cuba and Porto Rico, Spain ceded only sovereignty, and that the United States must pay for all the public buildings, fortifications, etc., of the island; that the word "control," in Article III. of the protocol, should be translated as simply signifying "intervention similar to Great Britain's occupation of Egypt," and not control with the significance that attaches to that plain, unequivocal English word.

A large part of the press and of the opposition party in Spain is urging the government to resist the so-called "American pretensions in the Philippines," and to invite foreign intervention; and Señor Sagasta, the Spanish premier, gives out significantly that "Spain is still at war with the United States; that the two nations have merely concluded the suspension of hostilities, in order to negotiate a peace. These negotiations may be brought to a successful issue, but it may happen that hostilities will be resumed." It is not surprising that the London Times chides the Spanish government for entering upon the negotiations in this carping spirit, which, it says, "will not conduce to the speedy conclusion of them."

Advices to the London Standard from Madrid state that if President McKinley instructs the peace commissioners to insist upon the cession of Luzon, and that Spain should pledge itself that none of the Spanish colonies should be ceded to European Powers, "the negotiations are sure to be laborious, even if an understanding is ever arrived at." All this makes it manifest that there is a disposition on the part of the Spanish government to question the terms of peace, and to render as ineffective as possible the terms laid down in the protocol. If this determination is carried into the sessions of the peace commissioners, in which both nations will have equal representation, it is easy to foresee protracted sessions and ultimately a deadlock. Out of this situation Spain might hope for new complications which might involve the entanglement of other nations and widespread international complications.

All this could have been foreseen at Washington, and the terms of the peace protocol should have been so decisive and comprehensive that nothing could have remained for Spain but unequivocal acceptance of them as our ultimatum. Prolonged peace negotiations, with threats of serious complications and new entanglements, will not be conducive to the prosperity of our people, and we earnestly hope that such an unpleasant outcome may not result. The President has committed our interests to commissioners who thoroughly understand the situation, and who appreciate

the feeling of the American people. They can be trusted to do the best that can be done under all the circumstances.

What Does Russia Mean?

IT is significant that at the very time when foreign nations are conceding a new place to the United States among the greatest Powers of the world, the Emperor of Russia is inviting a general disarmament of all the great nations, and the maintenance of peace through diplomatic instrumentalities. Upon the occasion of the unveiling of the monument to Alexander II, at Moscow, the young Emperor of Russia created a world-wide sensation by inviting all the Powers to attend an international peace contest. The note of the Russian foreign minister recites the sacrifice entailed upon foreign nations by the maintenance of large and constantly increasing military forces; that the intellectual and physical strength of the nations is being diverted from its natural application and rendered unproductive; and that, in proportion as the armaments of the Powers increase, these armaments less and less fulfill their object, viz., the furnishing of guarantees of peace.

The London Standard calls this movement a visionary task, beset with enormous difficulties, and says the moment is unpropitious for it, as new armored nations are rising in Asia and America, whom it might not be easy to convince of the safety and desirability of abandoning the enterprises upon which they have embarked with so much energy. The proposition of Emperor Nicholas is no doubt sincerely made, but who shall decide what the armaments of the respective nations shall be? Will the United States or Japan consent to have European Powers fix the strength of their army and navy? Is it not strange that, at the very moment when an increase in our colonial possessions compels an increase in our fighting forces, and when Japan has sprung to the front as a powerful nation in the East, Russia should make its singular and sensational proposition? Is there a sinister and selfish motive concealed behind the suggestion? Does it emanate from Russia alone?

Of one thing the world can be assured, and that is that henceforth the United States will be much better prepared for war on land and sea than it ever has been before. This will be one of the immediate results of new conditions which have been the outcome of the Spanish war; conditions that have radically changed the map of the United States, and that may ultimately change the map of Europe.

An Historic Picture.

THE signing of the peace protocol, which ended hostilities between the United States and Spain, was an historic incident marking one of the most significant steps ever taken in the development of the United States as a great Power in the world. LESLIE'S WEEKLY prints this week a superb double-page photographic illustration of the signing of the protocol, made from the only photograph taken of this notable incident. Secretary Day is in the act of signing the paper, while the French ambassador, representing the Spanish government, sits, profoundly interested, by his side. President McKinley, at the head of the table, and others representing official life at the White House, stand about the table. The only photograph of this incident was taken for LESLIE'S WEEKLY, and we have printed it on heavy-coated paper, so that our readers may frame it for preservation as perhaps the most valuable and interesting of our series of war pictures.

The American Banker.

ONE of the most influential factors, if not the most influential one of all, in the progress of this country, is the American banker, and how and why he is such a factor was clearly disclosed in the admirable address of President Joseph C. Hendrix before the American Bankers' Association, at the twenty-fourth annual convention of that body, recently held in Denver, Colorado. The address is too long to reproduce even in a condensed form, but it is well worth reading. The power of this association is probably but little comprehended by the American public. It has 3,350 members, representing an investment of more than \$1,000,000,000 in banking, and the custody of more than \$4,000,000,000 of deposits. It is the oldest and largest association of bankers in the country.

President Hendrix said in his address that banks "are a tool of civilized society"; that the banker "is society's treasurer, a practical business expert and clearing agent of the purchases and sales in a community, a dispenser of credit, an underwriter of every loan he makes, a partner with all his debtors, and a guarantor to all his depositors. He is at the nerve centre of industry, and feels every pulsation of the life about him. His strength is in the depth of faculties that involve patience, courage, self-reliance, decision of character, keenness of insight, and sagacity and judgment." This is a rare but well-deserved tribute to the American banker.

Mr. Hendrix also points out that the banker is a creditor and a debtor, and that he tries harder to increase his debts than the most energetic borrower, and owes in more directions than any customer, for he owes for his capital, his surplus, his undivided profits, and for all his deposits. Those who believe that any one can be a banker, and that every banker is bound to be a millionaire, will be interested in the statement by President Hendrix that the net earnings on the money invested in banking in the United States in capital and surplus does not exceed, as a whole, six per cent., and that the net earnings during the past fiscal year on the capital and surplus of the national banks of the United States were only 5.4 per cent., while more than one thousand banks liquidated and retired from business because they could not make it pay. Mr. Hendrix says that the tendency toward lower interest rates involves the requirement of a higher range of skill,

in order to make the banking business successful. This is no doubt true, and we believe that financiers everywhere concede that American bankers comprise some of the most astute, sagacious, and far-seeing business men of our times.

Another fact brought out by Mr. Hendrix is that the national banks are owned by over 281,000 shareholders, including nearly 102,000 women, and that over sixty per cent. of all the shareholders own ten shares or less. This is the best answer to the allegation that the banks are owned by a few money-lenders, who seek to oppress the people in order to fill their coffers. There is so much of fact, of information and instruction, in the address of Mr. Hendrix that the national banks could do no better service to the people than to put it in the hands of as many as they can reach.

The Plain Truth.

THE Spanish people are said to take their crushing defeat philosophically. But the Madrid newspapers insist on putting the blame on somebody, and at last have found a scapegoat in Christopher Columbus. They make the astonishing allegation that Columbus, in discovering the New World, was not Spain's benefactor, but her evil genius. This is a more startling discovery than that of Columbus.

Just as we have about finished the subjugation of the American Indians, we are told that we must prepare to subjugate the wild tribes of the Philippines. It is said that Spain has never been at peace with all of her subjects in the Philippines, and that it has had nearly a million hostile natives to contend with. Why not organize regiments of Indians and send them over to the Philippines to fight the hostile savages? Perhaps they might exterminate one another by the most approved methods of civilized and Christian nations.

Our prediction that the Pacific coast was about to enjoy a period of great commercial prosperity is strongly re-enforced by figures recently given covering the export and import trade of the past fiscal year. These figures show that the Pacific ports gained in exports as well as imports. The Atlantic port cities, New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, did not make a satisfactory showing. The Southern ports, including Newport News, New Orleans, and Galveston, all show material gains in exports. But we again renew our advice to the ambitious young man, not only to go west, but to go as far west as the Pacific coast.

Vermont makes draft upon some of her ablest and most influential men for her Legislature. The unanimous renomination for member of the Assembly in the Vermont Legislature, from Shelburne Farms, of Dr. William Seward Webb, president of the Wagner Palace Car Company, it is said, will be followed by his unanimous election, as the Democrats will not oppose him. He was a conspicuously influential member of the Vermont Legislature last year, serving on some of the most important committees and devoting himself earnestly to the interests of his constituents and the welfare of his State. Vermont is to be congratulated that it has patriotic men like Dr. Webb who are willing to make personal sacrifices to serve the commonwealth.

An observant subscriber to LESLIE'S WEEKLY writes us that it has always been a mystery to him why such wealthy men as Henry M. Flagler and Henry Plant, who have done so much respectively for the west and east coasts of Florida, in the way of hotel and railroad buildings, have not done something in the same line in the vicinity of greater New York. The leading and the best-paying hotel property on the beach near New York City, the Oriental Hotel, Coney Island, has but twenty-three bath-rooms, and the facilities for bathing at its beach are little better than can be found at any of the cheapest seaside resorts in the land. If some one with the energy, ability, and capital of Mr. Flagler or Mr. Plant would put up, somewhere within easy access of New York, a beach hotel with a bathing-pavilion luxuriously fitted in the style in which the Florida natatoriums have been built and furnished, it would be impossible for the establishment to entertain all the guests that would apply, no matter what rates might be charged. A very little extra expenditure would make an ocean hotel of this character within easy reach of New York as popular in winter as in summer. As a money coiner, nothing in the hotel line ever yet projected in Florida or anywhere else would equal it. All of which is respectfully submitted to the generous patrons of the Everglade State, and especially to our enterprising friend, Mr. Flagler, who has long since become known as the most venturesome and successful hotel-builder in the world.

The only Governor who, at this writing, has gone to the front personally to investigate the condition of the troops from his State is Governor Black of New York, and his visit has had immediate good results, for the War Department at once responded to his unanswerable arguments in behalf of the suffering soldiers from his State. The Sixty-fifth New York Regiment, which was under orders for a long march from Camp Alger to Middletown, Pennsylvania, was directed to proceed instead to its armory in Buffalo, and arrangements were made for the establishment of a hospital camp on the delightful shores of Fire Island, where sick New York troops could be cared for under the most favorable circumstances and within easy reach of friends and home. Without any fuss or nonsense, Governor Black has made the welfare of the New York troops a personal matter. Leaving his official duties, and accompanied by Health Officer Doty of the port of New York, he has visited the soldiers of his State in the various Southern camps, cheered the sick, comforted the depressed, and arranged with the War Department to hasten the return to their homes of all the New York volunteers. It is not surprising that the Governor had a rousing reception at every camp he visited, and that the soldiers and the soldiers' friends express the highest appreciation of his thoughtfulness. Governor Black has a way of accomplishing just what he sets out to do, and he has proved it more than once during his administration. It was characteristic of his thoughtfulness and independence that he refused the escorts offered in the camp by the officers and went about alone, saying that he wished to have the men feel perfectly free to talk with him.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

—THE new Governor-General of Canada, who succeeds the Earl of Aberdeen, is the Earl of Minto, Sir Gilbert John Elliott



THE EARL OF MINTO.

Murray - Kynnmound. He has the advantage of having formerly resided in Canada. He was born in 1845, succeeding his father, the third earl, seven years ago. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and has an excellent war record, having served four years in the Scots Guard, participating as a volunteer in the Afghan war of 1879, and receiving a wound in the Egyptian campaign of 1882. He was private secretary to Lord Roberts at Cape Town in 1881, and from

1883 to 1886 was military secretary to the Governor-General of Canada, and resided in the Dominion three years, which gave him an opportunity to acquire intimate knowledge of the country's needs. In 1883 he married the Countess of Minto, who was Mary Caroline, daughter of General Charles Grey.

—One of the little romances of the war developed at Newport, Rhode Island, not long since. First-Sergeant Leonard J. Mygatt, of Company L, Forty-seventh New York Volunteers, obtained leave of absence from his command at Fort Adams, to join a young lady and her mother who were visiting the camp. His leave extended until roll-call, at ten o'clock at night. The gallant young sergeant accompanied his visitors to the Fall River line boat, on which the ladies intended to return to New York at 9:30 in the evening, and, before he knew it, that hour had been reached, the line had been cast off, and the boat was well out in the stream. His dilemma was perplexing. He stood between love and duty, but he



FIRST-SERGEANT LEONARD J. MYGATT.

did not hesitate a moment. Excusing himself to the ladies, he sprang from the stern of the vessel, dove into the water, and swam to the shore, about a quarter of a mile distant, reaching the camp in dripping clothes just in time to "fall in." It is said that promotion awaits the young man, and his faithfulness seems to deserve it. It was first reported that a gold watch, presented to him for pole-vaulting by the Twenty-third Regiment, had been ruined by his salt-water bath, but it turned out that the officer, when he entered the army, had left his gold watch at home, as most soldiers do, and carried a cheap time-piece, the loss of which involved no sacrifice.

—Mr. Thomas Wilbur Cridler was born at Harper's Ferry, Jefferson County, Virginia, now West Virginia, and entered

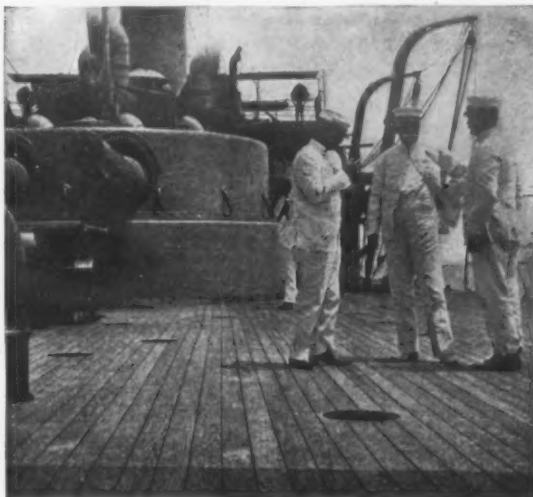


MR. THOMAS WILBUR CRIDLER.

the Department of State at Washington, D. C., July 1st, 1875, in the twenty-third year of his age, receiving an annual salary of \$900. July 1st, 1880, he was promoted to class one; November 1st, 1881, to class three; February 1st, 1884, to class four; and was appointed chief of the diplomatic bureau July 15th, 1889. He was commissioned Third Assistant Secretary of State, his present position, April 8th, 1897. Nearly the whole of the twenty-three continuous years of his official service have been spent in the diplomatic bureau. During that period many important international questions have been discussed and reached a satisfactory conclusion. In many of these naturally he has borne a conspicuous part. As Assistant Secretary of State he has immediate charge of the consular service, directing the more important part of its correspondence, and signing all of the official mail addressed to the consuls. The volume of labor required to perform this service intelligently and satisfactorily may be easily imagined. Mr. Cridler unites executive and literary ability in an unusual degree. He is not only personally able to perform an immense amount of work, but has the facility of keeping others steadily occupied. In this manner he is able to accomplish a great deal of work. Mr. Cridler is a positive character, direct in his methods, quick in his judgment of men and measures, and has the reputation of being true to his friends. His friends are also firmly attached to him. His designation by the President as special commissioner to the International Exposition at Paris, of 1900, was made shortly after the death of Major Moses F. Handy, and Mr. Cridler's visit to

Paris was for the purpose of completing Major Handy's unfinished work in connection with the participation of the government of the United States in the approaching exposition. This was Mr. Cridler's fourth trip to Europe on official duty, his last being with the monetary conference at Brussels in 1892.

—The ubiquitous and irrepressible artists of LESLIE'S WEEKLY abound everywhere, for this paper puts no limitations on the



CAPTAIN J. C. BARCLAY.

number of its staff. The best work of amateur photographers and artists everywhere is recognized and given room. It is therefore not surprising that when Captain J. C. Barclay, of the monitor *Puritan*, gave out in a laughing boast that he would not have his photograph taken during the war, an artist of LESLIE'S WEEKLY determined to secure his picture, as one of the proper spoils of war, for the benefit of our readers. We present herewith a picture of a group, the centre figure of which is Captain Barclay. It is of special interest, because Captain Barclay heretofore has claimed the distinction of being the only unphotographed officer in the American navy.

—That was a high tribute General Shafter paid to the chief commissary of his corps. "He saved the army from disaster," said the general, "and did more to secure the victory than any other one man." And so Colonel John F. Weston is a hero of this war, though he did not fight. But Weston is a fighter who proved his metal time and time again during the Civil War, and afterward in Indian campaigns, when, in the Seventh Cavalry, he showed that he was worthy of his spurs. When the Civil War began Colonel Weston was a boy in Louisville, and was learning a trade. He enlisted and served from beginning to end, being mustered out a major of cavalry. He was a most intrepid cavalryman, and with two troops once captured a gunboat and several transports in convoy. This was a most remarkable achievement, and Congress gave him a gold medal for it. When that war was over, Weston went to school, so as to fit himself for a commission in the regular army. When he was prepared he received an appointment and went into the Seventh Cavalry, the rough riders of the regular army. In 1876, much to the astonishment of his friends, he accepted a commission as captain and commissary. His work before Santiago proves, however, that a fighter is very often needed on the staff. When the quartermasters could not unload their transports fast enough to feed the troops this intrepid Irish-American took charge of the work himself and rushed the much-needed food to the front. It must be explained that the duty of the commissary is to buy the food and to issue it, the quartermaster being responsible for its transportation. But red tape will never strangle Weston. When he sees his duty clear he will always have the courage to do it. Colonel Weston is fifty-two, and has twelve years to serve before retirement. He is pretty sure to reach the head of his department and be rewarded with a brigadier-general's commission.

—Butler Ames, who has been appointed lieutenant colonel of the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment, which is with General Miles



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL BUTLER AMES.

in his Porto Rico campaign, is a son of General Adelbert Ames, one of General Shafter's brigadiers at Santiago, and a grandson of the late General Benjamin F. Butler, who for many years was a prominent figure in the politics of the nation. Young Ames is a graduate of West Point. After he had been assigned to his regiment he resigned to enter civil life. His father is also a graduate from the military academy, as was his uncle, Ben Israel Butler, son of General Butler. The Sixth Regiment is the regiment that passed through Baltimore in 1861, under command of General B. F. Butler, and was fired upon by a mob. When the regiment passed through the city to Camp Alger, a few months ago, they were escorted to the public square and feasted. Lieutenant-Colonel Ames went out with the regiment as its adjutant, with the rank of lieutenant. His military training served him to good purpose, for on the resignation of the colonel, lieutenant-colonel, one of the majors, and the chaplain of the regiment, while on the march to San Juan, General Miles recommended Lieutenant-Colonel Edmund Rice, of the regulars, and Adjutant Ames, of the regiment, for the positions of colonel and lieutenant-colonel respectively. After Governor

Wolcott had made the appointments suggested by General Miles, a cable was received from the regiment asking for the appointment of Adjutant Ames as their colonel. Governor Wolcott was sorry the request was not received earlier. The resignation of the officers of the regiment dumfounded the State that sent them to the front, but the people of Massachusetts are awaiting the return of the regimental officers, as they believe that they will show that they were justified in the course they pursued. General Butler, Lieutenant-Colonel Ames's grandfather, spoke of the young man in his autobiography. He called attention to the fact that the Butler family have fought in most of the wars waged in North America, and predicted that the present generation would have its war. In that event, he remarked that his grandson, then a cadet at West Point, would be in the next war, a prediction which has come true.

—Probably no one will dispute the claim of Mrs. M. S. Allen, of Worcester, Massachusetts, to the title of the champion long-distance bicycle rider of the world.

Her latest achievement was making the ride from New York to Boston—254 miles, according to her cyclometer—in twenty-four hours, lacking forty-five seconds, which was four and three-quarters minutes better than the previous record. Enthusiastic crowds of wheelmen met her at different cities on the way, and gave her the services of pace-makers and escorts. Mrs. Allen, in 1897, rode over 21,000 miles, including 117

"centuries"—100 miles. She was on her wheel, during the year, 266 days out of 365. Her longest run was 153 miles, from Worcester to Albany. She rode a tandem with her husband during last year for a distance of 1,748 miles. Strangely enough, Mrs. Allen was in feeble health before she began to ride the bicycle, but is now well and strong.

—Private Asa Boyden Underwood was the first and only Iowa soldier killed in the Spanish war. He was the first man killed



MRS. M. S. ALLEN.



PRIVATE ASA BOYDEN UNDERWOOD.

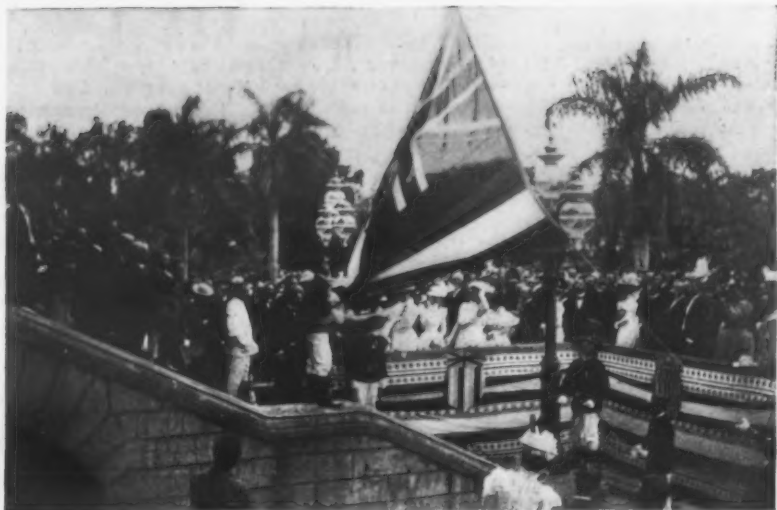
at Santiago on the morning of July 1st, and died like an American. He was a member of Grimes's battery, light artillery, Company A, in General Lawton's division. Underwood was twenty-five years of age, had been admitted to the Bar, and was well educated at Iowa University and at Cornell. For a number of years in his early boyhood he was a page in the Iowa Senate. His father was the late Senator, Dr. Myron Underwood. Underwood had a wide acquaintance and came of a prominent family.

—A man who would resign a college professorship to enlist in the American navy as an ordinary seaman must be a patriot of the first water.

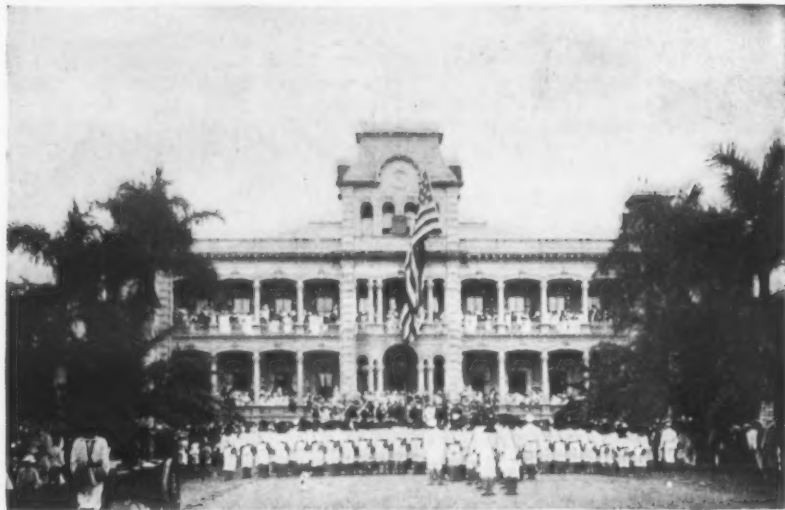
This is what Professor James Taft Hatfield, head of the German department of the Northwestern University at Chicago for the last seven years, has done. It is a very singular fact that Professor Hatfield was at the outset bitterly opposed to the war with Spain, believing that it could have been avoided with all its enormous waste of life and treasure. But after the war was begun he believed that our duty was to finish it as quickly as possible, and he therefore enlisted as an ordinary seaman, was assigned to the United States steamship *Yale*, and within a short time was promoted to the captaincy of one of the long guns, which are required to be handled by men of trained intellect. Recently he was made chief yeoman to the executive officer, and he is now filling this responsible place. Professor Hatfield enlisted as a common seaman from choice, refusing to enter into the scramble for a higher place. He is thirty-five years old; was born in Brooklyn; educated at the Northwestern University, at Johns Hopkins, and at the universities of Bonn and Berlin. He is an erudite scholar and has published a number of books, some of them text-books of the highest value. Most of his works have been republished in German. At the close of the war the professor expects to return to his professional duties.



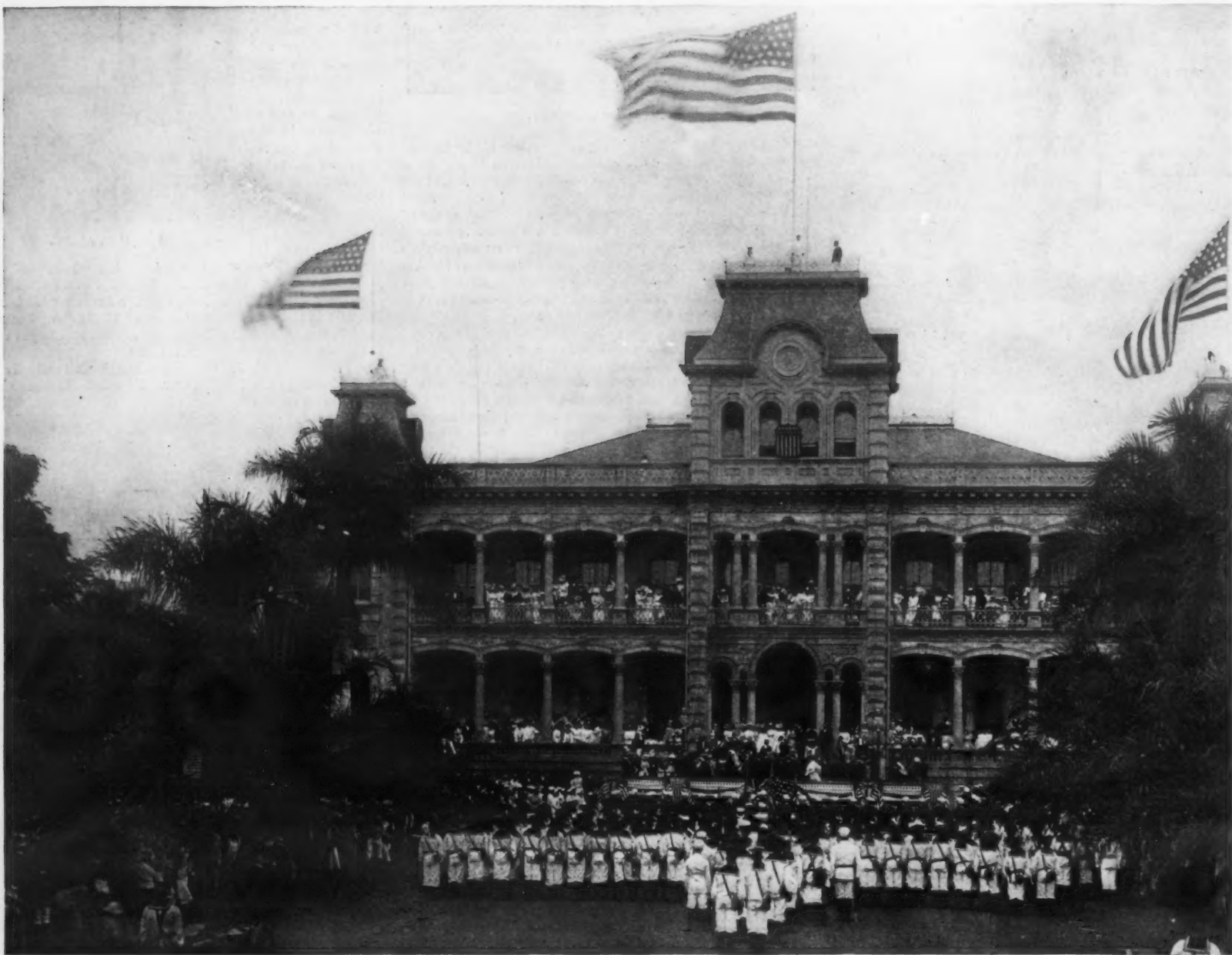
PROFESSOR JAMES TAFT HATFIELD.



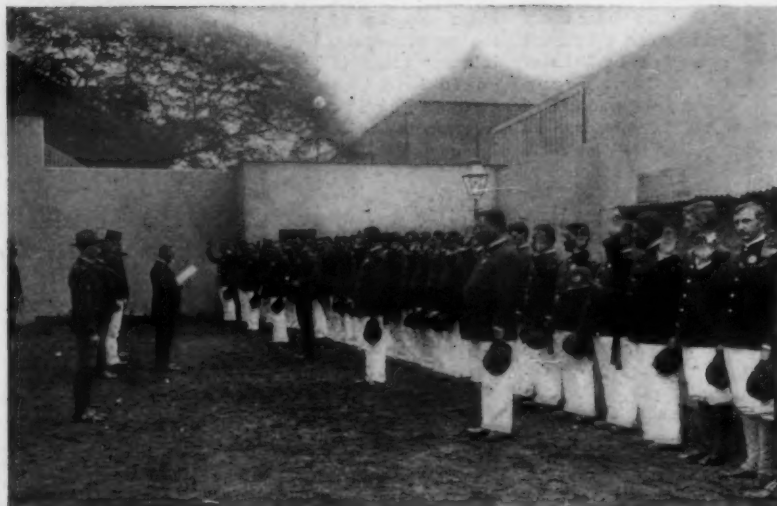
THE HAWAIIAN FLAG COMES DOWN.



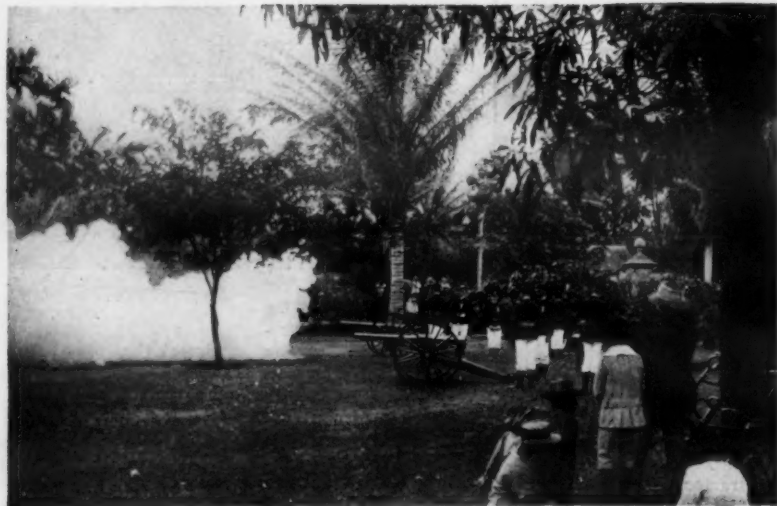
OLD GLORY GOES UP ON OUR FIRST PACIFIC COLONY.



THE FLAG OF THE FREE WAVES OVER HAWAII.



HAWAIIAN POLICEMEN TAKE THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE TO THE UNITED STATES.

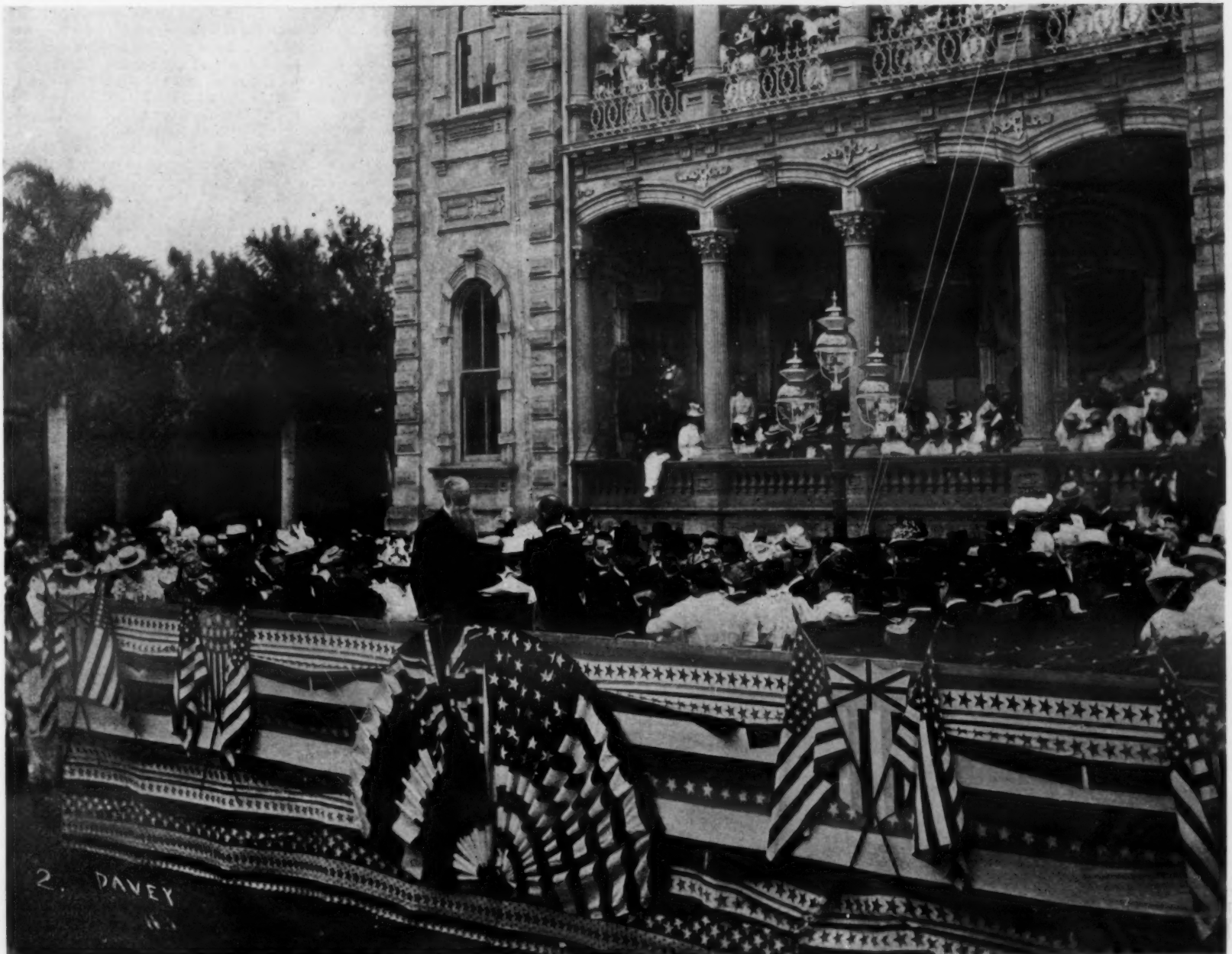


LAST SALUTE TO THE HAWAIIAN FLAG.

THE ANNEXATION OF THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.
THE LOWERING OF THE OLD AND THE HOISTING OF THE NEW COLORS. —[SEE PAGE 214.]



LAST MEETING OF THE HAWAIIAN CABINET AT HONOLULU, AUGUST, 1898.



THE SYMBOLIC TRANSFER OF THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE ISLANDS AT HONOLULU, AUGUST 12TH, 1898.

THE ANNEXATION OF HAWAII.

[SEE PAGE 214.]

STORIES OF THE WOUNDED.—III.

A STORY WHICH SHOWS THAT A MAN CAN FIGHT WITH A BULLET THROUGH HIS LUNG.

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

We stopped at a cot far down the line in the soldiers' pavilion at Bellevue.

"Here's a queer case," said the doctor. "Look, see the red mark on his breast, it's almost gone; and then this other one at the back. The bullet went clean through the left lung. It's a wonder he's alive to-day. We pumped out—let me see—"

"A hundred and sixteen ounces," said the soldier.

It was easy to see that his mind had dwelt on these figures. One hundred and sixteen ounces of blood—his blood. He had thought of this for days, reckoning it up at first with apprehension, afterward with a certain pride. This was his title to distinction in the ward.

"Exactly; one hundred and sixteen ounces from the left lung. The house-surgeon thought pus would form, and wanted to cut away the ribs, but I stuck to the pumping and he pulled through. If he'd been a smoker, though, he'd be a dead smoker now, but his heart was sound and could stand half-rations of air."

"I don't drink, either," said the soldier; "that is, nothing but beer. I'm a German."

"Are you?" said I. "Where from?"

"Fort German, Iowa. I'm quartermaster-sergeant in the Sixteenth Infantry."

He seemed an intelligent quartermaster-sergeant, so I talked to him a while, letting the doctor go on.

"Was it at San Juan you got hit?" I asked.

"Yes—half-way up the hill. It didn't hurt much—just jarred me like a good punch."

"Did you keel over on the ground?"

"Keel over nothing. I went on up the hill."

"What—with a bullet through your lung?"

"Cert'nly. I tell you it didn't hurt: it just bled a little where the ball came out."

"And you went on fighting?"

"Yes, sir; I kept right on—up a ways, then down flat on the ground, then up again, firing and yelling and laying low, until we got to the block-house."

"How long did you fight after you got hit?"

"About an hour, I guess—till we got what we wanted. Then one of the boys told me my undershirt was all bloody behind, and started to look at it. I stood still to let him, and all of a sudden everything went black and I fell in a heap. It didn't matter then."

"What happened after that?"

"Oh, nothing much. I just lay there till I came to, and then I tore half my undershirt off and fixed the thing."

"Didn't a doctor look after you?"

"Not that night—there weren't any doctors about."

"Did you lie there all night with no one to help you?"

"Yes, I lay there all night; and, let me tell you, there were others."

"Did you sleep?"

"Couldn't sleep—too much noise; you see, the sharpshooters were getting their work in. Besides, I was too hungry. Say, I was hungry as hell—that night; that was worse than the bullet-hole. It was eleven o'clock Saturday morning when I got the first taste of anything, and that was half a cup of beef-tea at Bloody Bend. The last I had before that was four o'clock Friday morning. I guess I looked like a freak when they got me down there—only had my boots on and my trousers and a little of my undershirt. I was senseless, they say, and a lot of blood was coming from my mouth. It must have been fixing the stretcher that knocked me out. I rigged it up with two guns and some canteen-straps."

Then he went on to describe how his lung filled up slowly for twenty days, and how the doctors finally pumped it out. That was what interested him most, the manipulation of the sucking needle and the rubber tubes jointed into bottles, and the fact that he had been able to lose more ounces of blood and live than the doctors thought possible.

After this he told an incident of that long night on the field.

"There was a kid did me a lot of good while I was lying there. He was a queer little chap—couldn't have been over sixteen. Said he come from Sackett's Harbor, run away from his folks and enlisted. He was going around talking to the boys and getting things they wanted. He gave me a chunk of hard-tack, and a blanket to pull over me, for it was awful cold."

"After a while I noticed he looked sort of sad, and I asked him what the matter was. He said he was all broke up because he'd gone down in a dead faint that morning when his company came to Bloody Bend. I guess he couldn't stand the heat and the marching; he wasn't strong enough. The boys must have seen him stagger and pushed him over in the tall grass; and, sir, that little kid lay there in Bloody Bend, with bullets striking everywhere and shells bursting over him, and dead men all around him—he lay there through the whole business without knowing a blamed thing about it, just as still and white as if he'd been dead himself. And nothing hit him."

"After a while, when the night came on and the dew began to fall, he woke up, and when he found the fight was all over and he hadn't been in the game at all it most broke his heart. Say, he was about the gamest little cuss I ever saw."

And now for a bit of horror, presented in grim terseness by the quartermaster-sergeant:

"The day we landed," he said, "I saw an old man who was a prisoner lying on the ground under a sort of shed. He was a Cuban, and the Cubans had made him a prisoner for stealing a horse. He said the horse was his, and, anyhow, he took it to eat, because he was starving."

"When the Cubans found this old man eating the dead horse they said he must be punished as a thief, so they fixed one of his feet in a sort of stockade, with his body stretched on the ground. Then they smashed the carcass of the horse into chunks and piled these up by his head. The idea was that the old Cuban wanted to eat stolen horse, so they'd give him a good dose of it."

"I don't know how long he'd been lying that way when we found him, but the smell from that horse-meat was something frightful; it was more than a man could stand a hundred yards off. There were maggots crawling over the bones, and the meat was black. When the old man got hungry enough he'd reach out for a bone, tear off what he wanted and eat it, and a Cuban sentry was on guard there to see that he didn't get away. How's that for good Samaritan business? We didn't do a thing to that sentry but kick him into the woods, and then we set the old man free. He was pretty glad, too."

A Woman's Tale of the Wounded.

THE SICK AND SUFFERING AT FORT McPHERSON, GEORGIA, AND THE SAD STORIES THEY TELL—PERSONAL EXPERIENCES OF THE WOUNDED THAT MAKE THE BLOOD RUN COLD.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA, August 25th, 1898.—To most Americans the Cuban war seems a far-away but brilliant and adventurous spectacle. Follow the "soldier boys" in town, however, and they will lead you out past the city to Fort McPherson, the United States garrison and recruiting-station. There all is different, and war suddenly becomes a reality and looks you in the face with its serious, grave eyes. War is there, and its results are manifest. The place usually so orderly and dignified is crowded with vans and supply-wagons and curious on-lookers. In one long brick structure Spanish prisoners are quartered, guarded by negro soldiers. To the left are the long fever-hospitals, filled with sufferers. Across the avenue the white tents stretch away as far as eye can reach. These are filled with wounded soldiers, late from Santiago, who are slowly convalescing. The Red Cross nurses pass up and down the avenue; the surgeons, in their duck suits, come and go; and here, there, and everywhere raw recruits are drilling and sweating and raising the dust. The convalescent, too, are creeping around; some on crutches, others carrying their bandaged arms in slings; some pale and thin and slow with suffering, and others careless, gay, and indifferent.

The fever patients are too ill to see visitors. They toss in their narrow iron beds, hot and restless. The wounded in the out-door tents laugh and joke and suffer all together. What is a bullet-hole more or less? Especially the Spanish bullet, keen, sharp, and merciful, which goes straight through bone and flesh and comes out on the other side. "If it doesn't kill you on the spot you will get over it," the soldiers will tell you, and they ought to know. Most of them sleep on iron cots, unsheeted (although the Daughters of the American Revolution have recently supplied the quartermaster at the fort with 1,000 sheets). They are covered with hot gray blankets; but the soldiers don't complain. When their wounds throb they lie down on their hot blankets, shut their eyes, and grow pale; and when they feel better they forget all about pain and read the newspapers and swear over the accounts of battles (which are all wrong, so they say), and laugh over the jokes (when they are good), and tell tales of doughty deeds. Some of them have had "close calls," but what of that? Death is nothing, except to the man who dies.

One young volunteer of the Tenth Infantry is limping around the barracks from post to tent and back. He is Private George Patterson Douglas. His father was colonel of the Tenth before his death. Private Douglas was injured at the second charge at Santiago, and later was run over by a cannon. His back is frightfully bent, but he still lives and may be straight again. He is a handsome twenty-year-old fellow, with the dashing gallantry of a young West-Pointer at commencement. He tells of the fateful hour with the reckless abandon of a boy relating a hunt.

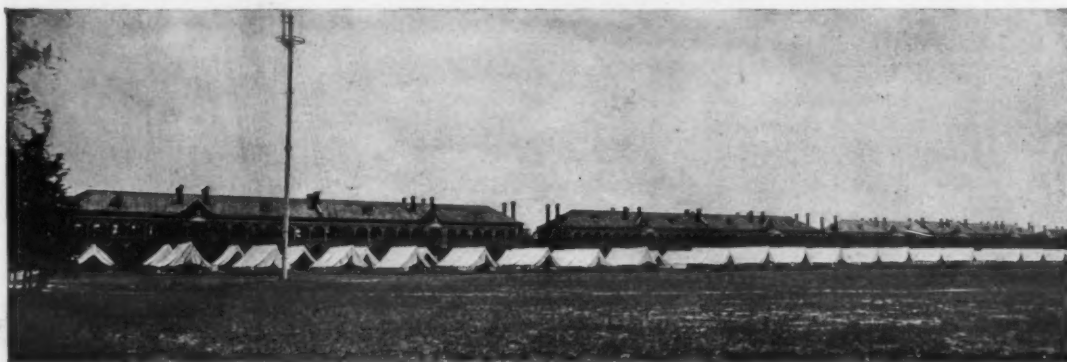
"It was July 1st," he said, "about four o'clock in the after-

this he was hit three times. I wasn't hit. I never was hit; they can't hit me. As I said, the grass was high and the hill was steep, and we weren't looking ahead. The noise was terrible! We had almost reached the top when suddenly I saw, not eight yards away, coming up over the brow of the hill, the lead horses of a cannon. I knew all was up with us. It came thundering and like lightning. 'My God!' I cried. 'Get out of the way if you can.' I rolled one way and he rolled the other. I tell you, it came in a hurry—I guess it's going yet. The four horses plunged by and just escaped me—I don't know how; then I saw the wheels coming. I grit my teeth and stiffened my back; the next minute they were on me. I gave one tremendous yell and felt the blood in my mouth. The next thing I knew I was on the *Cherokee*."

"Here is the canteen of the fellow I crawled with," he continued; "the cannon rolled over his neck and killed him. The field-officer picked it up, thinking it was mine. This fellow found me on the field," he added, as a tall, beardless young man of about his own age joined him, dressed in blue homespun home-made pajamas, carrying his arm in a sling and smelling strongly of iodoform. "He didn't know I was in the army until he saw me on the field. The surgeon told me that when he put me on the operating-table I was bent up like a jack-knife."

Private John Buchter sat down beside his friend. He is a young volunteer member of the Seventh Regiment, of which his father, who died three years ago, was captain. He was wounded at El Caney on July 1st, and also has an interesting story to tell. "We marched all day the 30th of June," he said, "and as we camped that night near the enemy, we slept with our arms beside us. The next morning before sunrise we continued our march, and the gray morning light made us feel pretty serious. We pushed on through brush and mud until we got within eight hundred yards of El Caney, where our regiment opened battle by firing on a block-house filled with Spanish soldiers. They soon surrendered. Then we lay in wait in the hot sun while skirmish work was done, after which we were ordered behind a small embankment to start volley-firing into the town of El Caney. This fire lasted from twelve o'clock until about four in the afternoon. We were in a heavy cross-fire from a stone fort on one side and from a block-house on the other. In our company alone nineteen were wounded, and four privates and one lieutenant killed. I was wounded about three hours after we began firing. I was reaching for a cartridge in my belt and my elbow was raised behind. All of a sudden there was a stinging sensation, and my arm felt as if it was running away from me. I threw it above my head just in time to be shot through the hand. The corporal of our squad took me over to a shelter where there were other wounded men, out of sight of the sharpshooters, and in a few moments he was brought there himself, shot through the hips, leg, and arm. By degrees we worked our way back to the hospital, which was half a mile to the rear, and going over the hill before we reached it, I saw George Douglas on the field among the dead, bleeding from his mouth, nose, and eyes. I sent the nurse for a litter, and he was carried to the hospital, where he was operated upon."

"Yes," put in Douglas, "or I would have been dead now. But what of that! I am hardened to death, and I never can like red again. It used to be my favorite color, but it's the color of the artillery, and I always will think of cannons when I see it. I have seen death until I am used to it. You see that cot," he added, pointing through the window; "it's next to mine, and the man in it can live but a few hours longer. He's dying of fever. I shot a man myself one night. I was on picket duty. I went on about eight o'clock, and all went well until about 12:30, when I saw in the distance an indistinct figure walking toward me, apparently in Spanish uniform. I was scared to death. I didn't know whether to drop my gun and run like the dickens or not. 'Halt! Who's there?' I cried. No answer. 'Halt!' I said. Still no answer. 'Throw up your hands.' He didn't. Then I put my gun up and cried 'Halt, for the last time!' He didn't, so I shot and he dropped. I called for the corporal of the guards. He came with a lantern and found that I had killed a Cuban. Now don't you think he acted rather queer? It's my opinion we'll have to kill more of them."



THE BRICK FEVER-HOSPITAL AND THE TENT HOSPITALS OF THE WOUNDED FROM SANTIAGO, AT FORT McPHERSON, GEORGIA.

noon. We were caught in an ambush of cocoanut-trees—I never can like cocoanuts again—there were sharpshooters in the cocoanut-trees. I never saw such fellows! They had looking-glasses in the trees with them, and they picked us out, especially the Red Cross people. Still, most of us came through the ambush, and we had just planted the flag, about four o'clock, when I suddenly fell with a sprained ankle and water on my knee. I was crawling up-hill, dodging the bullets and dragging my sprained ankle—which hurt like sin—trying to reach the hospital. The dead were scattered around like flies, both Spanish and American, and soon I met a young fellow of the Thirtieth crawling along, too. He was wounded dreadfully, and bleeding. I bound up his wounds and asked him for a drink. He handed me his canteen and I drank nearly all he had. Then we began crawling together up-hill, dodging the bullets. The grass was rank and the scrub-bushes thick. In spite of

Just here there was a commotion in the room behind us, and we saw through the window that they were carrying out a dead man. The fever patient had just breathed his last, and his white-sheeted form was borne on a stretcher to the dead-house. These are every-day scenes at Fort McPherson. A few days ago they buried a brave young soldier who was shot at Santiago. They have now received an order to send his body home, and they can't identify his grave, and eight others were buried the same day. And yet, to most people in the world, this war is only an interesting spectacle!

The regulars are not as easy to talk to as the volunteers. The latter take war as an avocation; to the other it is a profession. The volunteer is not more gay and jovial than his companion of the regular army, but his work is more temporary and he is usually much younger, which makes a great difference. In the third tent of the second division of the

wounded there are four soldiers of the Third United States Cavalry, three of whom are sergeants. They were wounded at Santiago, and are here for repairs. One of them is a tall, bony, intelligent blond fellow, with the hearty, genial, gentle manner of the true soldier. His hand was shattered by a part of a shell which exploded thirty feet above him in mid-air, and it is now in a sling, doing well, but still twice its natural size. Another is a handsome, jolly young German of about thirty. They are both good talkers, and keep their tent merry.

"I tell you," said the sergeant (Sergeant Reese, Company H, Third Cavalry, United States Army) with the shattered hand, "I am glad we had this war. Those of us that ain't dead know more now than we used to. I have been in the army ten years, and this is my first service. Several times it has looked like there would be business, but it has all blown over. Of course we like to fight. Isn't that what we are here for? Yes, it has its drawbacks, and some get killed, but it isn't the same to die in battle as it is to die under other circumstances. It's great to rush on and get what you are going after, and bullets don't count. The fight of July 1st opened in the morning and lasted until 5:30. General Lawton's division was on the right, and Wheeler's in the centre. General Sumner had charge of Wheeler's command when the fight opened. Wheeler's brave, all right; he's a fighter. When we passed his tent the night before they told us to be quiet or we would disturb him. He had fever. He didn't even know there was going to be a fight next day; but when he heard the guns he was out of his bed in a hurry, and by mid-day he was in command of his division. After the batteries were opened and we got in position the advance was ordered. The troops went through the brush up-slope and under heavy fire. Barbed-wire fences had to be cut; a stream waist-deep had to be forded, and then we turned toward the right in the direction of San Juan. Here we crossed a road and were exposed to very deadly fire, and lots of men fell. When the fellow next you is hit, you turn to see how badly he's got it. If he's heavily punished you bind up his wounds and take him back; if he's not, he ties them up and goes back himself. Every man has his compresses and his safety-pins, and they have been the salvation of the wounded. From there we charged the hill and the block-house. The Spanish had dug out loop-shaped trenches which gave them fire from several sides. The fight here was hot, but soon we drove the Spanish out of the trenches and got in ourselves. The Spanish are plucky fighters, but they give up too soon. If our army had been in those trenches not a Spaniard would have crossed them. It was a splendid sight to see the men go up that hill and take the trenches, and they fought hard. We regulars don't care what the civilians think of our behavior. It's what our comrades think. We've got to live with these men, and if we don't behave right they don't forget to tell us of it.

"I was wounded," he added, "late in the afternoon. We were going along, deployed just as the regiment was advancing. We were under heavy artillery fire from the Spanish. They had our range down to perfection. I was leaning against a tree, waiting for the advance, when a shell burst about thirty feet above me. I felt as if the whole island of Cuba had jumped up and hit me. A part of the shell had struck my hand and tore along my belt. If my belt had not been there I would have lost my dinner. My hand was in shreds, so I hurried to the hospital to get it fixed, and from there I watched the remainder of the engagement.

"Yes, of course," he added, "it's a tough thing to see the fellows brought in dead and bleeding, but in our regiment every man is ready for death. Only two men in our company are married, and when a man knows there's no one to weep over him he's more reckless and things don't matter. Most folks think we privates don't amount to much anyhow, but look a-here, we take some pride in our work. Do you see the soldier on guard over there? Well, he's a volunteer, and he slouches and dwaddles over his work. He's not doing his business. You don't see regulars guarding like that."

The men lounging on their beds in the tent listened with interest to the sergeant's story. The air was heavy with smoke and iodoform. Next the young German, Sergeant Henry Schlegel, Troop K, Third United States Cavalry, began to talk, and this is his tale, word for word, of the battle of El Caney:

"On the afternoon of June 30th nobody had a thought of what the next day would bring. At three o'clock the 'general' sounded. We took our tents down, rolled our blankets, and got ready to leave camp. We had to draw two days' rations, and, with the one day's we had on hand, we were supplied until the 3d of July. At sundown we left camp, but had to wait near General Wheeler's camp until nearly eleven o'clock. While we were waiting there regiment after regiment passed by, going into position. At eleven o'clock our turn came, and we marched about four or five miles over very rough, muddy roads, sometimes in columns of two, but most of the time in single file. Fortunately the moon was shining brightly through the trees, which cheered us. On the way we waded two creeks, and about 1:30 we reached an old sugar-mill. The rough riders were encamped there already, and their outposts were on top of a little hill about a mile from town. Captain Grimes's men were digging trenches on that hill for their pieces. Our regiment went up the hill also, and we camped there the rest of the night. The hill was thickly covered with briars about four feet high, but we were too tired to mind them much. I stamped enough of them down to make room for my blanket, and it didn't take long for me to go to sleep.

"We woke up a little before daybreak, and made coffee for our breakfast. While we were waiting for the water to boil we could see the batteries coming up the steep hillside, going into position. This hill is called El Pasco, and when I looked over the brow I could see a big town, which appeared to be about a mile away from us. After breakfast (composed of coffee, hard-tack, and bacon) we moved back down the hill about a hundred yards and took a position in front of the old sugar-mill. Immediately Captain Capron, whose batteries were about three miles to our right and a little to the rear, opened at a block-house in El Caney. We had a good view from where we were, and we heard the faint sound of small-calibre arms. At a quarter to seven the batteries on our left opened up at a range of about twenty-five hundred yards. We were busy cal-

culating the hits, when whirr-r-r, a big shell went over our heads and burst in front of the old sugar-mill. 'That's a high ball,' somebody cried out, and everybody laughed. There were a crowd of Cubans on the roof of the sugar-mill, standing up to look at the fun, when whirr-r-r, another shell came, struck the roof, and killed twenty-five of them—so the surgeon told me afterward. My troop happened to be beside a pile of large square boxes marked 'Dynamite shells.' They belonged to the guns of the rough riders. When I made the words out I told our captain, but he coolly said, 'Sergeant, we've got to take our chances.' If a shell had struck those boxes it would have been good-bye, Troop K.

"At last the welcomed order came to 'move forward.' We marched about two miles until we reached a creek two and one-half feet deep. We crossed it and got ready for the fight. We took our blanket rolls and our knapsacks off, and just kept our canteens, guns, and ammunition. Then Major Wessels gave the order for the first squadron to advance as skirmishers. As soon as the first thin blue line advanced, the rain of bullets commenced. Our squadron had a good shelter, lying against the five-foot bank of that creek. The bullets passed over us, but killed a lot of the Sixteenth Infantry in the rear of us, who were trying to get at them on our left. They were coming across that creek double time, and many a one fell. Dr. Newgarden, and a fine man he is, was there, and I saw him dress wounds as cool and calm with bullets whizzing around him. He opened a dressing-station against this bank where we were lying, and it was soon filled with the wounded and the dying, and their groaning made us feel queer. I had to turn away. Even Harry, our troop dog, a black shepherd who had followed our troop all over the Indian Territory, seemed to realize the danger. The poor dog was lying there shivering. I hope he got out, but I haven't seen him since.

"Very soon the order came for the second squadron to advance. Our captain gave the order to fill the magazines, and cautioned the men to follow the commander, and then called us 'non-commissioned' up and told us to appoint men in case any of us should fall, and then go forward as skirmishers. The bullets were coming as thick as bees. We went down an open field, then through a barbed-wire fence, till we got to a deep creek with barbed-wire on either side. Down we went to our arm-pits, and up on the other side thoroughly soaked. Here the bullets had a different sound, and burst like fire-crackers. One of the troop called out, 'For heaven's sake, look what they are shooting at us now'; and just here the first of our troop fell—young Scanlon, a new recruit; he was badly wounded through the breast. Next we made a flank movement to the right, crossed a sunken road with barbed-wire on both sides, and pushed up a steep, bare hill, leaving many of our men dead and wounded behind us. I had nearly reached the top of the hill when I felt suddenly as if some one had hit me with a sledge-hammer in the groin. I dropped and crawled until I found a shelter, where I examined my wounds, stopped the blood as well as I could, and put on one of those 'first band-aids,' as they call them, which every soldier has with him. There were plenty around me that were in a worse fix than I was. By degrees I worked my way down across the sunken road, and found there a lot of my own men wounded and dead. They begged me to stay with them, but I was anxious to get to the hospital and have my wounds dressed before they got stiff, so I started out, assisted by a man who had been shot in the shoulder. We no sooner got on the road than a bullet whizzed by our heads. As we walked slowly on we passed the dead body of Captain O'Neal, of the rough riders, with somebody standing guard over it. The bullets began coming thicker the nearer we got to the dressing-station from where we had started, so we decided to turn to our left. We hadn't walked very far when somebody challenged us in Spanish, and we found that we had struck a Cuban outpost and hospital. We explained to one of the doctors what we wanted, and he washed our wounds and put charcoal on them and bandaged them up. Later, he got one of the Cubans to carry us four or five miles back, where the ball had opened that morning. From there I managed to get in an ambulance, and got to Siboney the next morning at daybreak. Others were not so fortunate. Most of them were hauled in those big army-wagons over twelve miles of rough-surface road. The hospital at Siboney was soon full, and the surgeons had more work than they had dreamed of."

Each soldier in the tent has his special story to tell of the Santiago engagements; so has every soldier in the hospital at Fort McPherson; but few tell it as well as these two men have done.

CORINNE STOCKER HORTON.

General Hospital at Fort Monroe.

WHERE THE WOUNDED FROM SANTIAGO WERE BROUGHT—THE GENTLE MINISTRATIONS OF KIND WOMEN PROFOUNDLY APPRECIATED—PATIENT SUFFERING AND SAD NARRATIVES.

On the 13th of July, at twelve hours' notice to Major De Witt, commanding the post hospital at Fort Monroe, the first detachment of sick and wounded soldiers from Santiago reached here on the City of Washington. Two hundred and forty-six men were landed that afternoon, transferred to the post hospital where eighteen large fly-tents had been hastily put up to receive them, while the resources of every shop and home were drawn upon, so that by seven o'clock in the evening there was not a man among the patients who had not been given milk, coffee, or food, according to his condition, and settled between clean sheets. There are a great many amusing stories of village shops literally bought out of dry-goods, groceries, and drugs, to supply the imperative demand, and there is also the pathetic story that when the great box-trays of food were carried into the tents that first afternoon in hospital, the strongest of the men cheered and the tears rolled down the cheeks of those who were too weak to cheer.

Except for increased facilities and the completion of one of the most perfect field-hospitals to be found in any war record, the case has been the same with each detachment landed, the forty-six from the Solace being the only patients brought under comfortable conditions. Within ten days 451 patients were received, including those from the City of Washington, the Breakwater, the Solace, and the Hudson.

A camp kitchen with four or five stoves was improvised on the grounds, and eighty-two volunteers from the artillery school acted as waiters and orderlies, and for thirty-six hours no one rested. Mrs. Marsh and Miss Evans, the daughters of Captain "Bob" Evans, of the Iowa, were the only women nurses. They volunteered at once, and worked unceasingly over the typhoids, which require constant watching, and they also dressed wounds until the contract nurses came. Two weeks afterward they were called again, because they had made themselves indispensable. Two qualifications are recognized necessities of a nurse—system and intelligence. There is a third requirement which is often condemned as sentimentality, and only given its great due by those who have stood beside many sick-beds and watched the turning-point among lonely cases which science could not reach.

One man from the colored troops on the "fighting line" who came with the first detachment was not wounded, but only stunned by the explosion of a shell which had fallen near him. There was nothing the matter with him but the shock to his nerves—and homesickness. He spoke to no one. He would take no food, and he sat huddled together on his cot looking out from the open flies of the hospital-tent with a face full of unspeakable loneliness. Every morning when she came to the hospital Mrs. Marsh would bring him some little thing which she had prepared for him at home; little by little she awakened his interest, and finally he was dismissed from hospital happy and well. One of the doctors and I were speaking of this case—Ward, his name was—when a physician who is at Old Point for a short vacation came in to offer an illustration of homesickness.

"When I was assistant surgeon in the army during the last war," he said, with an amused nod to the young assistant listening, "I had an idea that I knew more than the surgeon-major. I suppose all assistants think so at one time or another, but I believe that in this case it was true. Our major was a hard man, and there was one case in the camp that he had no patience with. It was a poor chap who was simply dying of homesickness. I stopped by him one day where he was sitting with his face in his hands, and I put my hand on his shoulder and spoke a word or two, and he looked up and I shall never forget his look as he said, 'You're the first one that's spoken a kind word to me since I came.' I told the surgeon about it afterward, and he said it was all nonsense, and that the man was simply too lazy to work. I said, 'He's not lazy; he's sick.' But the major had his mind made up, and he hunted the poor chap out and set him to loading stuff in the commissary department. That afternoon I came across him sitting on a sack of grain with his head down, and I noticed the way he'd slumped forward. I laid hold of him and found that he was dead. Plenty of them died that way—of homesickness."

There was an odd look in the faces of some of the men on the cots when the doctor had told his story, as if the brief service in Santiago had already taught them what that sickness meant. And they were an odd group gathered under the white roof. McSparren, from New Mexico, who had left the saloon business to join Troop G of Roosevelt's rough riders, lay on the cot next the doctor. In the corner, under a mosquito-net, was Harris, a typhoid patient from Porto Rico, with dull, fever-glazed eyes; and opposite the rough rider a tall, limp young Kentucky boy, who fell ill in the Chickamauga camp—Batsolf, I think his name was. He looked scarcely sixteen, but he said that he was nineteen, as all the boys of the Kentucky and Maryland volunteers do. Then there was Markham, whose arm has been X-rayed twice to interrogate the healing of a fractured bone. The bullet has plowed its way under the arm-pit and will probably be left there. Hagins and Mitchell—they have all gone now, moved to Washington Barracks to make room for the 102 patients from the Lampasas, who came on the 8th. I can still see their slow company, 150 strong—or weak, it should be said—moving in a ragged column, out of step, bending under their slight marching burden. Slowly they trod up the gang-plank, down which the sicker men had been carried on stretchers a few hours earlier, and turned their faces toward Washington and home furloughs. Military service is entirely new to many of the physicians acting as assistant surgeons on the staff, and though Dr. Fogg may not have felt proud of the alignment of his men as he marched the first military company he had ever been called upon to lead past the hotels and down to the transport at the dock, many people who had seen them landed on stretchers or supported on each side as they walked to the ambulances were impressed with the great change which was the visible result of a few weeks' nourishment and constant care.

The Lampasas is another case of a transport loaded with sick for which there was neither sufficient room, provision, or medical equipment, and that only five out of 107 desperately-sick men died on the voyage from Ponce is due to the heroic efforts of the nurses under Miss Rutti and the doctors on board, who did not themselves succumb and become, in spite of their best intentions, additional patients. The Lampasas had scarcely cast anchor in the Roads when Miss Rutti came ashore in one of the little naphtha launches that prow about the ships, waiting for officers who have errands at the fort, and began to scour the town for milk, that necessity of fever patients, without which they had gone too long. When it is taken into consideration that 1,000 gallons of milk have been consumed by the Fort Monroe hospital in ten days it is easy to see that even with the co-operation of Miss Walworth, a volunteer nurse whose mother has spent the month in similar errands for the hospital, it was impossible to secure more than five gallons to take back at once to the ship. And the Lampasas had been without ice. Papers in the interior have already reported criticisms on the landing of the patients next day, hinting that typhoid and malarial fever developed into plain yellow-jack under close inspection at Santiago, and reporting the sick on the Lampasas as all from Ponce, when, as a matter of fact, the majority of the men on board had never touched foot on foreign soil, having fallen sick on leaving Chickamauga and Camp Alger, and been transferred to the Lampasas from the transports that were going to Porto Rico. Every one at Old Point who knew anything about the matter was glad when Major De Witt and Major Maclean decided that room could be made for the patients, and additional tents were sent for to Washington, and

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THE BLOODY CHARGE OF THE FIRST AND TENTH REGULARS

TWO SQUADRONS OF THESE REGULARS DROVE TWO THOUSAND SPANIARDS OUT OF THE BUSHES ON THE LARGE HILL IN BACKGROUND. MAJOR BELL WAS ON THE LEFT ARE THE MOUNTED HOTCHKISS GUNS. CAPTAIN KNOX WAS WOUNDED IN THE ROAD AHEAD OF MAJOR BELL, AND LIEUTENANT BRIAN WAS



REGULAR CAVALRY AT LAS GUASIMAS, CUBA, JUNE 26TH.

MAJOR BELL WAS WOUNDED WHERE HE IS SHOWN STANDING IN FRONT OF THE OLD SUNDIAL RUINS, WHILE DIRECTING THE MOVEMENTS OF HIS SQUADRON. CAPTAIN BRIAN WAS WOUNDED WHERE HE IS SHOWN, IN THE CENTRE OF THE ROAD.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL WAR ARTIST IN CUBA, HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY.

General Hospital at Fort Monroe.

(Continued from page 207.)

on Sunday afternoon as the ship came alongside the dock the citizens pressed forward eagerly to carry parasols over the faces of the men on the stretchers and shield them from the glaring sun. So much for yellow fever at Fort Monroe.

One of the most curious sights at the Point is the convalescents, who come and go at will in their fluttering pajamas that were evidently fashioned for stouter men. Many are on crutches, others have an empty sleeve pinned across their breast, while the rest walk listlessly, not yet freed from the languor of feverishness. They are known as "the pajama squad." They are interested in everything that takes place, from the coming in of the Norfolk boat to the arrival of more fever patients from the camps at Newport News, but the only real enthusiasm they feel is for mess-call. They begin getting up from their cots and looking at their sticks or crutches as soon as the bugler passes through the hospital-ground, and the first note of his summons is greeted with a whoop as they pass over to the mess-hall and settle down like a cloud about the long tables, which accommodate 300 at a sitting. The food is excellent, and the bill-of-fare varies every day, but it is difficult to suit all the tastes of three or four hundred men just recovering from desperate illness. The article of diet most approved of by the men is milk, but limit to the quantity procurable and the great demand for it among the patients who are too ill to take other nourishment make it utterly impossible to give all the convalescents milk when they can drink coffee. The conversation between the convalescent and the chief steward to whom the waiter has appealed will be something like this:

"I've got to have milk, sir, and the waiter won't bring me none."

Chief Steward—"What's the reason for your drinking milk? You can have all the coffee you want."

Convalescent—"Coffee doesn't agree with me, sir."

C. S.—"How doesn't it agree with you?"

C.—"It's too hot, sir."

C. S.—"Time'll remedy that. Let it stand and cool."

C. (at a venture)—"I'm just getting over the measles."

C. S.—"Well, if I gave you milk you'd develop the whooping-cough."

The mess-hall itself is a large frame building, and, with the raised floors and wooden walks about the hospital-tents, it was completed ten days from the time that the lumber for it was ordered. Cold-storage room, store-room, and kitchen are as well appointed as if it had been in operation for months. Nine colored men have been detailed from among the contract nurses to act as cooks, and an average of 420 rations are issued every day, which does not include many special diets that are prepared in the mess-kitchen for the sick; and there is also a regular diet kitchen attached to the post hospital, in charge of a famous chef. The exquisite whiteness of the scoured pine tables in the mess-hall, the scoured cleanliness of everything connected with the hospital, is the great marvel of a place whose utmost capacity has suddenly been stretched to accommodate so many, and enough credit cannot be given to those who have achieved it all—the surgeon-major, whose splendid ability for organizing and systematizing has brought about its efficiency; the surgical staff, who have supplemented his efforts, and the nurses who bore the first brunt of the work and have stood by it and will stand by it until they can be dispensed with—whenever that may be.

MARGUERITE TRACY.

Stories of a Manila Hero.

CAPTAIN DYER, THE BLUFF OLD WHALER, WHO HAD RATHER FIGHT THAN EAT.

CAPTAIN N. MAYO DYER, whose name has been advanced seven points on the list of captains, placing him nearer promotion over the heads of older officers, on account of his gallant service at Manila, is a native of Massachusetts. He was not a graduate of the naval academy, but prior to the war of the Rebellion was a second mate on board a whaling vessel. He is essentially a self-made man—self-made, too, by his own dashing bravery. Entering the naval service in 1861 as a volunteer, he was rapidly promoted by Admiral Farragut for gallant conduct. He relinquished a well-earned leave of absence to accompany the redoubtable old admiral in his triumphal passage of the Mobile batteries—for, as an old sailor recently said, "Dyer would rather fight than eat"—and he distinguished himself by receiving in person the surrender of the Confederate vessel *Selma*. He became further acquainted with submarine mines when the steamer *Rodolph* under his command was sunk by a torpedo in Blakely River. After the war he was commissioned a lieutenant in the regular army, and was ordered to join the South Pacific fleet at Valparaiso. Before the expiration of his first year he was promoted and placed in command of the *Cyane*, which sailed, on special service, for Sitka, Alaska.

In 1870 Commander Dyer made a cruise along the coast of Mexico which will never be forgotten by the navy on account of one incident. On her return trip from Mexico the *Ossipee* encountered a hurricane which left the sea in a tumult, and a man was hurled overboard from the main-topmast yard. Commander Dyer was standing on deck taking an observation, and witnessed the accident. Without an instant's hesitation he jumped into the water, caught the senseless body as it was drifting astern, and saved the unfortunate sailor from the grim alternative of drowning or being devoured by sharks. For this self-sacrificing act he received a medal from the Navy Department.

Captain Dyer has held a number of responsible positions: at the Boston Navy Yard, at the torpedo-school at Newport, in command of vessels, and as inspector of light-houses. Several characteristic stories are told about him during his connection with the Asiatic squadron, as commander of the *Marion*, from 1887 to 1890. At a Chinese port, when he was exceedingly anxious to get his ship coaled in a hurry and the coolies showed a disposition to perform the job at a leisurely rate, the captain stepped up to the "boss" and signified his impatience. The Chinaman returned a surly answer, but before the words were fairly out of his mouth Dyer's quick fist was planted squarely

between the fellow's eyes, and he measured his length upon the dock. The captain of the *Marion* fully appreciated the effectiveness of an oath also. "Yes, he used to call the boys ugly names sometimes," said one of the men who had served under him for years, recently, "but they did not mind that. They would do anything in the world for Captain Dyer. He was so just—always gave the men the benefit of a doubt. When one of them was brought before him on any charge he would give him a chance to speak a word for himself, and if the excuse was anyways good he'd say, right before the accusing officer, 'Well, I thought so. Now go, and don't let this occur again. Next time you are reported I'll put you in the brig for a week on bread and water.'"

The crew of the *Marion* took pride in excelling at spar- and sail-drill, never allowing the vessels of another nationality to surpass them in dexterity. One day, in the harbor of Yokohama, the executive officer had been putting the men through a prolonged exercise at sending down the yards, and the whole force was thoroughly exhausted. After three hours of this arduous drill without intermission he mercilessly gave the order to repeat the work of sending up the yards and mast again. The tired men discontentedly obeyed, but at a certain point in the ascent of the top-gallant mast it stopped and obstinately refused to move. The sailors were apparently hauling with all their might, the muscles were standing out taut upon their arms, but in reality it was a mock exhibit. The enraged lieutenant was shouting out invective which had no influence upon the muttering conspirators, when Captain Dyer walked out upon the deck with his halting step. (His limp is the result of old wounds, and his brow is often contracted with pain from these sources of irritation.)

"Well, Mr. —, what's the matter?" he demanded in his quick, sharp tones—for Dyer's speech is marked by a strong nasal twang.

"The — rascals, captain, won't move a peg!"

"You don't know how to handle the men, —," responded Dyer, quietly. "Just let me talk to them a minute. Now then, men, I want you to drill for me, and I want you to send up that mast and yards as fast as the Old Nick will let you. This is the last time, and then you can go below. Now take your stations and do your best!"

Stubbornness melted suddenly before the words of the officer who held the affection of the crew, and everything flew into position with extraordinary celerity, and the tired men lay down full length upon the deck to rest. Captain Dyer is an expert billiard player, and no matter who was his opponent, of whatever nationality, at the grand hotel of Yokohama, he always came out the victor in this game. He took an interest in boat-racing, too, but as the *Marion* belonged to the older type of vessels, she was not equipped with very good row-boats, and when challenged by the crew of the United States ship *Omaha*, her men were defeated. The losing side had bet all their mess-money on the race, and felt sorely discomfited by the outcome, but a kind word of praise from their captain put them in better spirits. "Men," he said, "you did finely; you pulled well, and you may have a month's pay and go on shore for forty-eight hours!"

Captain Dyer's excellent seamanship was proved on the return trip of the *Marion* from Yokohama to San Francisco. Her coal-supply was low, and the voyage was performed by getting up steam for a while and then running by aid of the sails until compelled to use steam again, yet the vessel arrived on the date set by her orders. It was during this trip, which required so much skill and management, that Dyer, one day, on going below, said to the officer who took his place on the bridge, "Now report to me everything that occurs." The young lieutenant was new to seafaring life, and not discriminating in his ideas of the importance of events. Soon after taking his stand on guard a "booby," which is called by sailors the laziest bird on the wing because it will alight on the ship at any point, perched upon the fore yard-arm. The lieutenant contemplated the booby earnestly, as if it had been an omen of fate, then called the captain's orderly, and said: "Go tell the captain that there is a booby on the fore yard-arm."

"Tell the captain what?" blurted out the old marine.

"Tell Captain Dyer that there is a booby on the fore yard," reiterated the punctilious officer.

Captain Dyer was seated reading when his orderly presented himself at the cabin door.

"Well?" he asked, with a nasal jerk, looking up over his spectacles.

"Mr. — reports that there is a booby on the fore yard."

The captain's face at this extraordinary piece of information was a study, but, as he never scrupled to bestow what he considered an appropriate epithet upon any person, he ejaculated in a tone a little more nasal than usual, to express his sarcasm: "A booby on the yard-arm, is there? Go back and tell Mr. — that I say there is another one on the bridge."

The grinning marine retired to deliver this message with the addition of a few adjectives of his own manufacture.

JOANNA NICHOLLS KYLE.

Singing in Camp.

THE army-camp in quietude

'Neath Cuban skies was near to slumber,
For rank on rank within the wood
Had stacked the arms that heavy lumber;
It seemed the world was wooing sleep,
A sleep to homesick hearts so wily,
When down the line some voice rang deep
A note of love to "Mamie Reilly."

A hush of death, save for that voice!
But oh, how many thoughts were winging!
And then, as though 'twere each one's choice,
A thousand others joined the singing;
For each had sweethearts somewhere, home,
And war had lost its dash and splendor;
The Cuban wood and twilight's gloam
Had made each soldier heart grow tender.

Then, farther down the line, there rang
The notes of "Sweet Marie," and solemn
As anthems ancient choirs sang
The chorus rolled down the column;
For soldier hearts, in war so strong,
Hath ever peaceful memories clinging,
And every voice that line along
To some afar Marie was singing.

A lull, and then from out a group
Of tents that in the woodland rested
A song broke forth that to the troop
A loyalty and love attested.

"Along the Wabash" reached the ears
Of tired corps in rest reposing,
And then there rose a burst of cheers,
The Indiana camp disclosing.

Then sudden blew a bugle's note,
The call of "taps"—"lights out"—and sleeping
The soldier breathed a prayer by rote:
That One might hold within His keeping
The destinies of those at home,
To whom his sweetest thoughts were winging,
And in the gathering even's gloom
A heart was softened by the singing.

ROY FARRELL GREENE.

Hawaii Is Ours.

THE FIRST STEP TAKEN IN THE IMPERIAL POLICY OF THE UNITED STATES.

HONOLULU, August 16th, 1898.—America has taken her first step in the thorny paths of an imperial policy, and Hawaii is irretrievably ours. The transfer of sovereignty, marked by the outward and visible sign of a substitution of flags, took place on Friday, August 12th, and was as simple and impressive as such a ceremony should be. In the old days when Presidents rode to the White House and tied their horses to the fence on inauguration day, such a ceremony could not have been more appropriately carried out. This good taste was largely due to Admiral Miller, who insisted that there should be nothing in the nature of a jubilation. Immense pressure was brought to bear upon the admiral, but the man of the sea understands the situation and was obdurate. He did not think a big public celebration and hurrah in good taste when the natives, almost to a man, are sick at heart and violently opposed to annexation. So far as the Americans in Hawaii are concerned, annexation is a shrewd deal. By some occult means—through the form of law, I dare say—all the land of the islands has passed from the native to the white man during the last seventy years. After securing the land the white man fell upon the government, and now this,

with all the public property, has been transferred to America.

The scene of the transfer was a gay one. The exquisite tropical grounds of the handsome executive building, once Iolani Palace, were filled with people, among whom there were very few Hawaiians. The natives are reputed easy-going, but they have strong national feeling, and are really heart-broken at the fate that has befallen their flag. There was a military display with the men of the *Philadelphia* and the Hawaiian National Guard, and a formal gift of sovereignty from President Dole to Minister Sewall, with acceptance on his part on behalf of the American people. To the



WALL STREET'S FLAG DISPLAY ON THE RETURN OF THE SEVENTY-FIRST REGIMENT.

playing of the Hawaiian national anthem and the national salute of twenty-one guns fired from the guns of the *Philadelphia* and the land-battery, the flag of Hawaii was run down from the tower of the executive building, and the stars and stripes took its place, receiving a like salute and heralded by "The Star-spangled Banner." Every head was uncovered as the flags went up and down, and a cheer broke from the people as the American flag sailed into place. Later, Minister Sewall read the President's proclamation which left all the officers of the Hawaiian republic in power and changed none of the local laws. The withdrawal of power to treat with foreign nations is practically the only change made in Hawaiian affairs.

After the proclamation and Minister Sewall's speech, the oath of allegiance was given to Governor Dole and his Cabinet officers, and later to Hawaii's tiny army and to the judges and other public officials.

In the evening there was a great ball to celebrate the nuptials of the States. It was a public affair, and the meeting of social extremes was very amusing. Governor and Mrs. Dole, Mr. and Mrs. Sewall, Mrs. Damon, Admiral Miller, and Colonel Barber, of New York, received. The reception and the dance was held in Liliuokalani's throne-room, where Kalakaua lay in state, and where the Legislature now meets. It was the last affair of the old régime, and was successful in spite of its grotesqueness. Meanwhile the ex-Queen is broken-hearted, for she knows that this union is indissoluble, and that nothing can restore independence to the islands that once were hers.

MABEL CLARE CRAFT.

Tales from the "Texas."

NO LONGER THE HOODOO OF THE NAVY—INCIDENTS ILLUSTRATING THE COOLNESS AND BRAVERY OF THE CREW—THE MAN WHO MADE THE GUNS OF THE "TEXAS" A TERROR.

The people of the United States have always loved their sailors and their ships. The best evidence of this has been that at any parade held before this war began "Jackie" always came in for the lion's share of the applause and the cheers. The arrival of the United States steamship *Texas*, the first of the battle-ships to appear in New York harbor since the war began, caused an outburst of affectionate interest among all classes. The ship's course up the harbor to her dock at the Navy Yard was one long ovation of cheers and steam-whistles. All on board, from the cook to the captain, were made aware of the fact that the *Texas* was dear to the hearts of the whole people.

One of the extraordinary things about the ship and her crew is the total absence of anything like excitement over the perilous adventures, of but a few days ago, in Cuban waters. A visit to the ship on a Sunday found officers and crew following out the most peaceful occupations, just as if there was no war or there never had been any. The officers were in white duck and the crew in white canvas, just as they were when Cervera slipped out of Santiago harbor and went to destruction.

The officers' duties lay principally in receiving their friends, reading newspapers, and looking generally after the visitors, who flowed over the ship's side in a steady stream all day long. "Jack's" occupations were more varied. Some were playing the mandolin—these were colored "jackies"—others were writing letters, with a neatly packed "ditty box" to draw supplies from, while others were stretched out on deck with a newspaper carefully spread between the deck and the white canvas suit. Those with a "gift of the gab," and this is a rare thing in the average sailor, were acting as pilots to the visitor with an inexhaustible capacity for hearing tales of the *Texas* straight from the seat of war.

I think the most sensation-producing place on the ship is that where the Spanish shell passed over the spot on the upper bridge where Captain Philip had stood but a moment before, tore away part of the chart-room, and then passed on into the sea. One has a realizing sense, in looking at the course followed by that shell, of the dangers to which these gallant seamen have been exposed. In fact, their heroism, self-denial, and indifference to danger have been unexampled in any war. When that five-inch Spanish shell came through the side of the ship and exploded on the forward gun-deck, it annihilated Apprentice Blakely and wounded eight other men. And yet a few seconds after this, when Lieutenant Haeseler passed through that part of the ship, there was not the least apparent excitement, not a word was being said over the blowing to pieces of their comrade; the gun crews were at station simply awaiting orders, just as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened. The man who stood talking to Blakely was not even scratched, but Seaman Russell, who stood but a few paces away, was wounded severely in fourteen separate places, besides other minor injuries, by the explosion of that one shell, which marked the ship in a hundred spots in a radius of fifty feet from the point of explosion. Of course Russell was knocked completely out. As he was being carried below he came to, groaning, and gasped out, "Mate, was that a premature explosion or a dago shell?"

"A dago shell!" replied one of the sailors.

"Thank God! I'll not groan any more!" and lapsed back into unconsciousness.

This is the stuff our sailors are made of. It must not be supposed that because our ships were hit so seldom and had so few casualties, that the Spaniards did not use their guns. One shell, which exploded just outside the forward turret, commanded by Lieutenant Haeseler, was filled with, as a bursting charge, some explosive which had a fearfully pungent odor. Its fumes filled the turret and nearly smothered the entire gun-crew; for a time the gun was out of action, and it was with difficulty that some of the crew were saved; they were in danger of choking to death. What this explosive was has not been discovered, but may be when the salvage of the Spanish ships has been made and time had to examine their ordnance stores.

The sighting of these big guns, by which the range is determined, i. e., the distance of the enemy's ship from the gun-deck, is determined by range-finders. A number of these are placed in various points on the ship, but owing to the concussion from the huge guns they are more or less unreliable, so that sailors are posted on top of the turrets to carry word from the bridge to the lieutenant in command, who is seated in the sighting-

hood, and which, by the way, allows of the most limited view of the battle, whether the shots from his gun have fallen short or over. During the battle of July 3d Mr. Haeseler had a man stationed on the turret named Beam. Suddenly there was a terrific scream and rush of air, and Beam exclaimed, "Hully gee, lieutenant!"

"What was that, Beam?"

"Eleven-inch shell, sir."

"Was it close?"

"Close ????"

"Well, how close was it?"

"Well, so close, sir, that it tore the shirt out at the back of me breeches!" So you see in every situation, even when death is hidden in every scream and roar of exploding shell, and "jackie's" shirt is fluttering in the breeze, an additional target for Spanish gun-fire.

It will be remembered that shortly after the battle of July 3d Acting-Admiral Sampson appointed a board of inspection to view the wrecked Spanish ships. Everybody knows, too, how fond "Jack" is of animals, and particularly of the feline race. Upon boarding the *Vizcaya*, one of the officers heard a terrible caterwauling forward, and which was at the same time heard by a strapping big sailor from the flag-ship *New York*. Officer and sailor reached the scene of the disturbance at the same time, and discovered, hemmed in between the sea and certain death by a lot of wreckage, a half-starved black cat. Now, a cat will do anything but swim or burn, and "Tom" had been held a prisoner by these two alternatives. Well, master and man grabbed the cat at either extremity, and the poor grimal-kin was in danger of being torn asunder.

"This is my cat!" said the officer.

"No, sir, this is my cat!" replied Jack.

"No, this is my cat!"

"No, sir, this is my cat!"

And both tugged and tugged, and the welkin rang with pussy's protests. But the cat was well knit and yielded not. Presently the lieutenant let go, expecting that "Jack" would surrender his prize to his superior officer. But no, "Jack" stowed "Tommy" under his arm, and, saluting with great respect and a face as solemn as a capstan bar, said: "This is my cat, sir!" and clambered over the wreck with his booty. At present that cat is the cynosure of all eyes on board the flag-ship, and is putting on all the airs of a Spanish grandee of the first rank.

Trophies of the chase, so to speak, abound all over the ship. "Jack" has sold more buttons than were worn on the uniforms of Admiral Cervera and all of his officers. The most interesting trophy is the silver sugar-bowl from the officers' mess of the *Almirante Oquendo*. Mauser rifles, some with the bolts missing, escutcheons of officers' caps, cartridges, electric bell-cords, sighting devices used by the gunners, etc., make an interesting collection of curios. The best piece of salvage the *Texas* herself inherited, i. e., the search-light from the *Vizcaya*. Captain Philip said it could not be saved, but Lieutenant Haeseler asked for a boat, and brought off what he declares is the best search-light in the navy.

When the *Texas* was building at the Norfolk Navy Yard there were plenty of wisacres in the navy who predicted that the English plans for the ship were so faulty that if she did not "turn turtle," like her Majesty's ship *Captain*, she would do all manner of other things to torment her officers and crew. The latter prediction came true; for a time the *Texas* was the hoodoo of the navy. One man changed all this, Lieutenant (senior grade) Francis G. Haeseler, who invented new ammunition hoists, so that her huge twelve-inch guns can be fired every ninety seconds instead of eight and one-half minutes as formerly. He improved, too, the turret mechanism, so that these revolve easily and can be adjusted to a hair's breadth. He regulated the electrical firing apparatus, so that there is no danger of a premature explosion, and made of the *Texas* as good a ship for her class as there is in the navy. Lieutenant Haeseler has been recently detached and ordered to the Washington Navy Yard to superintend the construction of the guns and gun-mounts for the new battle-ships authorized by Congress. Before leaving his ship the crew presented Lieutenant Haeseler, through Captain Philip, with a splendid gold watch and chain, the watch bearing the following unique inscription:

"To Lieutenant F. G. Haeseler, U. S. N., from the crew of the battleship *Texas*, in recognition of his services in converting the old hoodoo to the new hero."

HARRY P. MAWSON.

Preservatives.

In one of those scholarly and wholly delightful essays that we find to-day in James Russell Lowell's "Among My Books," our American humorist says that the great antiseptic or preservative force in literature is humor. He points to the bright touches that have relieved even the world's great tragedies, to the humor of Plato and even *Æschylus*, and coming down through the ages, shows us the latent humor that exists to the making human of much that would otherwise have fallen into the dusty limbo of the forgotten.

Issue may be taken with the decision the professor has announced in favor of humor, but no just issue can be taken on the point of the existence of some preservative. Such a force is an absolute necessity everywhere, or growth would cease from very lack of soil. In life, for instance, in human society, where would we be were the preservative of self-respect to be eliminated? When a man has lost this birthright his whole character crumbles away. When a man has lost this he ceases to hold up his head and to look his fellow in the eyes.

Perhaps the poet sang true when he told us the birth of self-respect

"preceded duty's by so much
That in the younger's arms
The older grew to strength."

Sure it is that nothing strengthens self-respect as does the prompt doing of a prime duty. It may be a truism—but if one call for proof he has only to turn and look at those great ones who do the world's work, steadily and simply, for there he will see self-respect shine out most clearly.

With duty to be considered, then (considered and done), the question is inevitable: "Is there any social duty that outranks

insurance properly accomplished?" Sound insurance lightens the burdens of the state and community in that it lightens the heart (and so the burdens) of the individual. Sound insurance promotes peace in that it kills care and worry; it provides for the future, and so brightens the present; it stimulates thrift and prudent action, and so betters the condition of all its followers. Is it not a duty to one's self, to one's family, to one's country, that is far too important to neglect another hour? A policy secured in the Mutual Life, of New York, warrants any man the fair right to hold up his head among his fellows. The self-respect he himself will justly feel will call forth an answering respect from all thinking men about him.

One final word: the day to attain to this is the day that antedates to-morrow.

Financial—Tips for Investors.

THE revelations of the former millionaire speculator, Hooley, in the London court of bankruptcy, that he had bribed many Englishmen of alleged respectability and honorable position, some of them with lordly titles, to become directors of his companies, will shock those who have believed that financial methods in London were better than those of Wall Street. Think of great newspapers and prominent public men being paid from \$10,000 to \$250,000 apiece to aid in floating a questionable enterprise! A disclosure of this kind regarding any metropolitan journal in the United States would ruin it, and any implicated public man would be relegated to the obscurity of private life, if not of State's prison. We all recall the frightful scandals connected with the construction of the Panama Canal, and the revelation that a large number of public officials and many financial journals in Paris were bribed by De Lesseps. Stock-exchanges abroad seem to be honeycombed with rottenness, beside which the shortcomings of Wall Street are more than pardonable. It would not be surprising if the Hooley disclosure should lead foreign investors to turn more generally toward American securities. But the Englishman is nothing if not patriotic, and with him patriotism means unyielding devotion to everything English.

"F." Omaha, Nebraska: The last dividend paid by the National Butchers' and Drovers' Bank, of New York, was a semi-annual one of three per cent., on the 1st of July. The last sale I find recorded was on November 27th, 1897, at the price of ninety-eight. The National Shoe and Leather Bank, of New York, paid a dividend of one per cent. last April, and another of one per cent. in July. The last recorded sale was on July 20th, at ninety-nine and one-half. (2) The standing of the firm you speak of can best be obtained from a mercantile agency.

"B. M." Rochester, New York: The information about the company you refer to can be best obtained from a mercantile agency. It is not a Wall Street property.

"W. S. R." New York: American Cotton Oil preferred is looked upon favorably as an investment by many who are familiar with the company's situation and prospects. Its price is comparatively low. I presume because it is classed with the industrials. For some reason, these are not yet on the high plane of railroad properties.

"Widow," Milwaukee: It is worthless, unless the assessment has been paid.

"Investor," New Orleans: I would prefer the bank stock to the railroad bonds you mention.

"L." Philadelphia: The information you seek regarding the Welsbach can best be secured at the office of the company in your city.

JASPER.

Life Insurance—The Difference.

It is inexplicable that so few among the masses seem to comprehend the difference between the regular old-line plan of life insurance and the assessment plan. But there is a vast difference, and no man should be insured in an assessment company until he understands what this difference is, because experience will, sooner or later, teach him the lesson, and in most instances it will be very costly and annoying. The old-line companies, like the New York Mutual Life, the Equitable, and the New York Life, charge a rate which depends upon the age of the insured, and this rate is figured according to a table showing the chances of death of the person who applies for the insurance. These chances are discounted, so that the premium never increases.

The insured is certain that he will never be asked to pay more for his insurance than the amount originally fixed. He also is promised and receives a share of whatever he may contribute to the surplus earnings of the company. An assessment concern offers cheaper insurance, but always provides, when it offers the cheaper rate, that it shall have the privilege and the right to increase this rate as it pleases, and every assessment company, as its death-rate has increased, has been compelled to increase its assessments until in many instances these have become so oppressive that, at the age of fifty or over, many of the insured have been compelled to drop their policies. If the persons who have suffered these hardships had taken less insurance and in an old-line company, paying a little more at the beginning, they would have had a policy which would have had a value when it was dropped, if it had to be dropped, while no value attaches to the lapsed policies of assessment concerns. I have had experience in both, and I therefore speak with knowledge when I say that my experience with the old-line companies has been in the main satisfactory, while with the assessment companies it has been uniformly unsatisfactory.

"W." Worcester, Ohio, asks regarding the standing of the Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company, of Hartford, Connecticut. This is an old company. It commenced business in 1851, and has had a more or less interesting career. Last year it reported total receipts of nearly \$2,300,000, and it paid to its policy-holders over \$1,666,000, and for miscellaneous expenses about \$619,500. It is not one of the largest companies, but its invested assets, as scheduled in the annual report, make a good showing.

"C." Bayonne, New Jersey, asks the standing of the Maine Benefit Life Association, in which he holds a small policy, for which he pays what I consider a very liberal rate. His age is not given, but he would do well to inquire if he could not obtain straight life insurance at pretty nearly the same rate in one of the great New York companies. The Maine Benefit is a co-operative assessment institution, and not a very large one, as it reported a total income during 1897 of only \$218,000, of which over \$40,000 was set down as the "expense of management." It is significant that its membership, according to its annual report, made little or no gain during last year. The policies or certificates written or increased during 1897 are reported as aggregating 1,588, while the policies decreased or ceased to be in force are reported as 1,577.

The Hermit.

RAISED TO HEALTH.

MORE infants have been nourished with Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk than by all other so-called infant foods combined. Thousands of mothers testify to its merits.



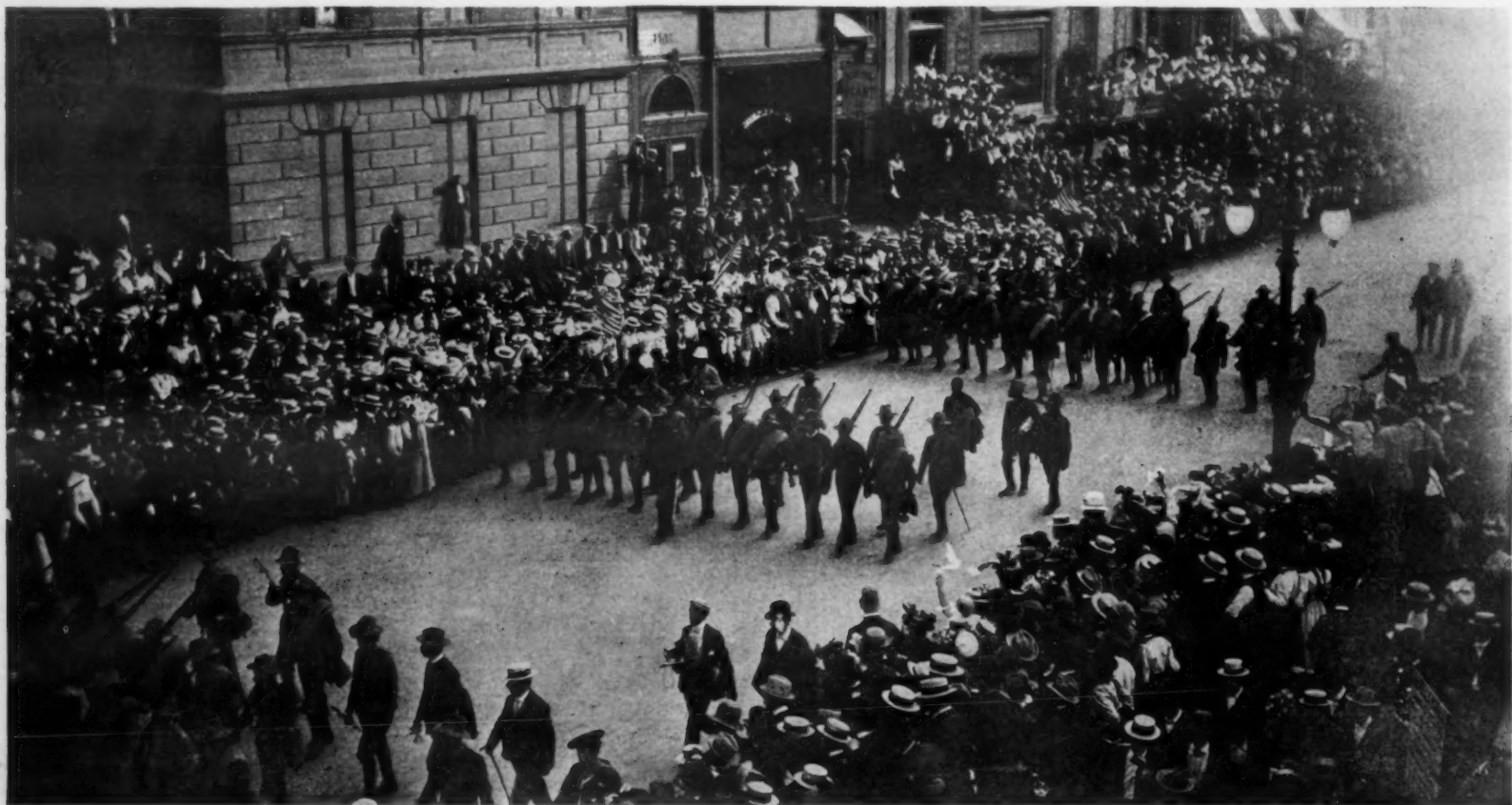
FIRING THE SALUTE AT THE ARMORY, AT THIRTY-FOURTH STREET, NEW YORK.



THE SEVENTY-FIRST ON BOARD THE LONG ISLAND FERRY-BOAT, EN ROUTE TO NEW YORK



COLONEL DOWNES MARCHING AT THE HEAD OF THE LINE ON FIFTH AVENUE.—*Photograph taken from the offices of "Leslie's Weekly," as the procession was passing the Judge Building.*



WILD ENTHUSIASM ON FIFTH AVENUE.

HOME AGAIN!

NEW YORK'S MAGNIFICENT WELCOME TO THE RETURNING HEROES OF THE GALLANT SEVENTY-FIRST, UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS.



Better use **WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP** next time

This man

has been persuaded to try one of the many substitutes offered in place of WILLIAMS' Shaving Soap. See the **Thin, Frothy Lather**. Note how quickly it dries. It "kills the razor," which pulls and "rasps." The face smart, burns and itches—the skin is parched and drawn. It's bound to make a man cross and miserable.

Danger lurks in such soaps too.

Which of these men would you rather be?

A half Century of unrivalled popularity has demonstrated that **Williams'** are the **only Real Shaving Soaps**.

Williams' Soaps are sold everywhere, but sent by mail, if your dealer does not supply you.

Williams' Shaving Sticks, 25c.
Genuine Yankee Shaving Soap, 10c.

Williams' Shaving Soap (Barbers') 6 cakes, 1 lb., 40 cts. Exquisite also for toilet.

Luxury Shaving Tablets, 25c.
Swiss Violet Shaving Cream, 50c.



Trial cake 2c. Stamp.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn.

London:
64 Great Russell St.

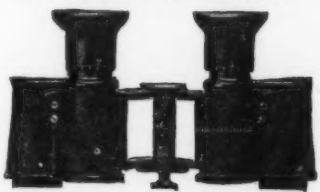
Sydney, Australia:
161 Clarence St.

Williams' Exquisite "Jersey Cream" Toilet Soap, 15c.

Field and Marine Glasses Revolutionized

NEW

BAUSCH & LOMB-ZEISS FIELD GLASS.



COMPACT, LIGHT, POWERFUL

OLD

BEST ORDINARY BINOCULAR FIELD GLASS.



BULKY, HEAVY, WEAK
FIELD OF VIEW

FIELD OF VIEW



BAUSCH & LOMB-ZEISS GLASS

ORDINARY BINOCULAR GLASS.

The above is a correct comparison of the relative size and size of field of the NEW and OLD glasses of the same power

Bausch & Lomb-Zeiss

STEREO Field Glasses

By an arrangement of two double reflecting prisms of superior quality the ray of light is bent upon itself four times without the slightest loss of brilliancy, making it possible to place the object lenses far enough apart to obtain perfect stereoscopic effect, and affording optical powers hitherto unobtainable.

The eye-pieces are the same as those used in the most powerful astronomical telescope, do not tire the eyes, and, where the eyes are not mates, can be adjusted separately. When once adjusted they are set for objects at practically all distances.

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MANUFACTURERS

BAUSCH & LOMB OPTICAL CO.

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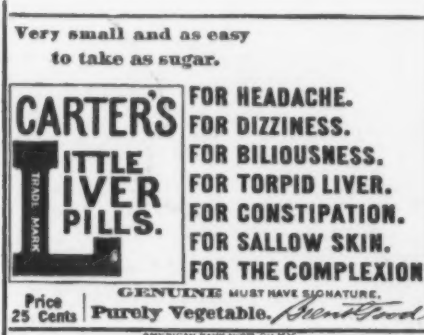
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STATEMENT

OF

THE TRAVELERS

Life and Accident
Insurance Company,

OF HARTFORD, CONN.

Chartered 1863. [Stock.] Life and Accident Insurance.

JAMES G. BATTERSON, Pres't.

Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1898.

PAID-UP CAPITAL, \$1,000,000 00

Assets (Accident Premiums in the hands of Agents not included),	\$22,868,994.16
Liabilities,	19,146,359.04
Excess Security to Policy-holders,	\$3,722,635.12

July 1, 1898.

Total Assets (Accident Premiums in the hands of Agents not included),	\$24,103,986.67
Total Liabilities,	19,859,291.43
Excess Security to Policy-holders,	\$4,244,695.24

Paid to Policy-holders since 1864,	\$35,660,940.19
Paid to Policy-holders January-July, '98,	1,300,493.66
Loaned to Policy-holders on Policies (Life),	1,161,705.00
Life Insurance in Force,	94,646,669.00

GAINS.

6 Months—January to July, 1898.

In Assets,	\$1,234,992.51
In Surplus (to Policy-holders),	522,060.12
In Insurance in Force (Life Department only),	2,764,459.00
Increase in Reserves,	705,642.18
Premiums Received, 6 Months,	2,937,432.77

JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary.

EDWARD V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies.

J. D. LEWIS, M. D., Medical Director and Adjuster.
SYLVESTER C. DUNHAM, Counsel.

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Is the highest production of the Glover's Art. Made absolutely from high-grade Kid skins. Specially recommended for its excellent Fitting qualities, Durability and Exclusive Colorings. Sold only by

B. Altman & Co.

New York.

See
that
Hole?



To insert a pointed instrument and eject the pen from the holder. Prevents the ink from flowing back into the holder and soiling the fingers.

WHAT
IS IT
FOR?

Samples on receipt of return postage. Ask for *Vertical No. 37*.

The perfection of pens, slightly stiff, smooth points, durable, and uniform.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO.,
450 Broome St., New York, N. Y.

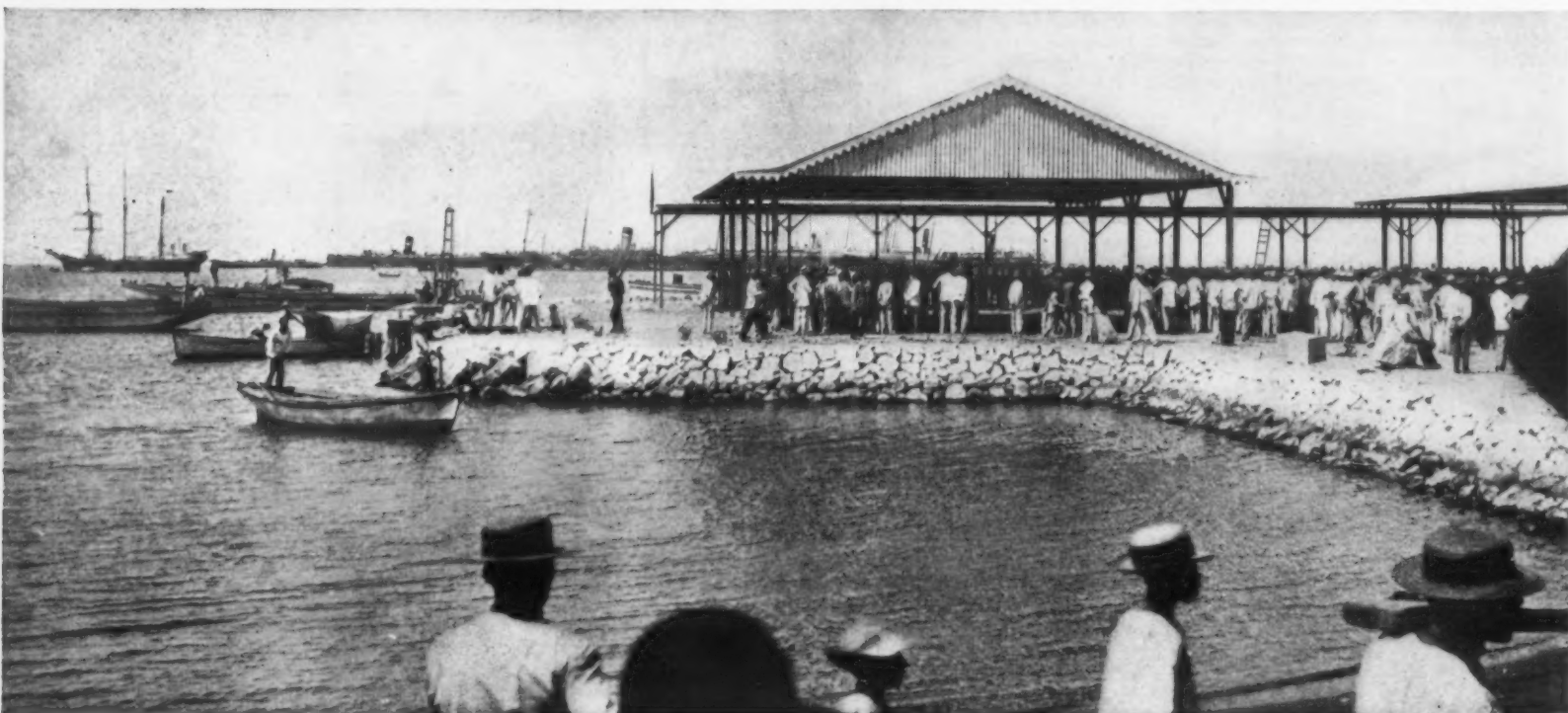




FIRE DEPARTMENT BUILDING AT PONCE—ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH IN REAR.



PRINCIPAL STREET IN PONCE—HOTELS FRANÇAIS AND INGLATERRA ON THE RIGHT.



CUSTOM-HOUSE WHARF AND EXCHANGE PLACE AT PORT PONCE—FLEET OF TRANSPORTS IN DISTANCE



OPENING RAILROAD COMMUNICATION BY GENERAL STONE. BETWEEN PONCE AND YAUCO—RAILROAD EQUIPMENT HAD BEEN PARTLY BURNED BY SPANIARDS, BUT WAS PUT IN ORDER BY OUR TROOPS.



TRANSPORTS IN GUANICA HARBOR.



PORT PONCE AS IT APPEARED JUST AFTER ITS SURRENDER.

OUR NEW COLONIAL POSSESSION.

STREET AND HARBOR VIEWS OF PONCE, THE LARGEST CITY IN PORTO RICO.



Lieutenant-Colonel B. F. Montgomery,
in charge of executive telegraph.

M. Thibaut,
Secretary French Legation.
M. Jules Cambon,
French Ambassador and Representative of Spain.

Brigadier-General H. C. Corbin,
Adjutant-General.
William R. Day,
Secretary of State.

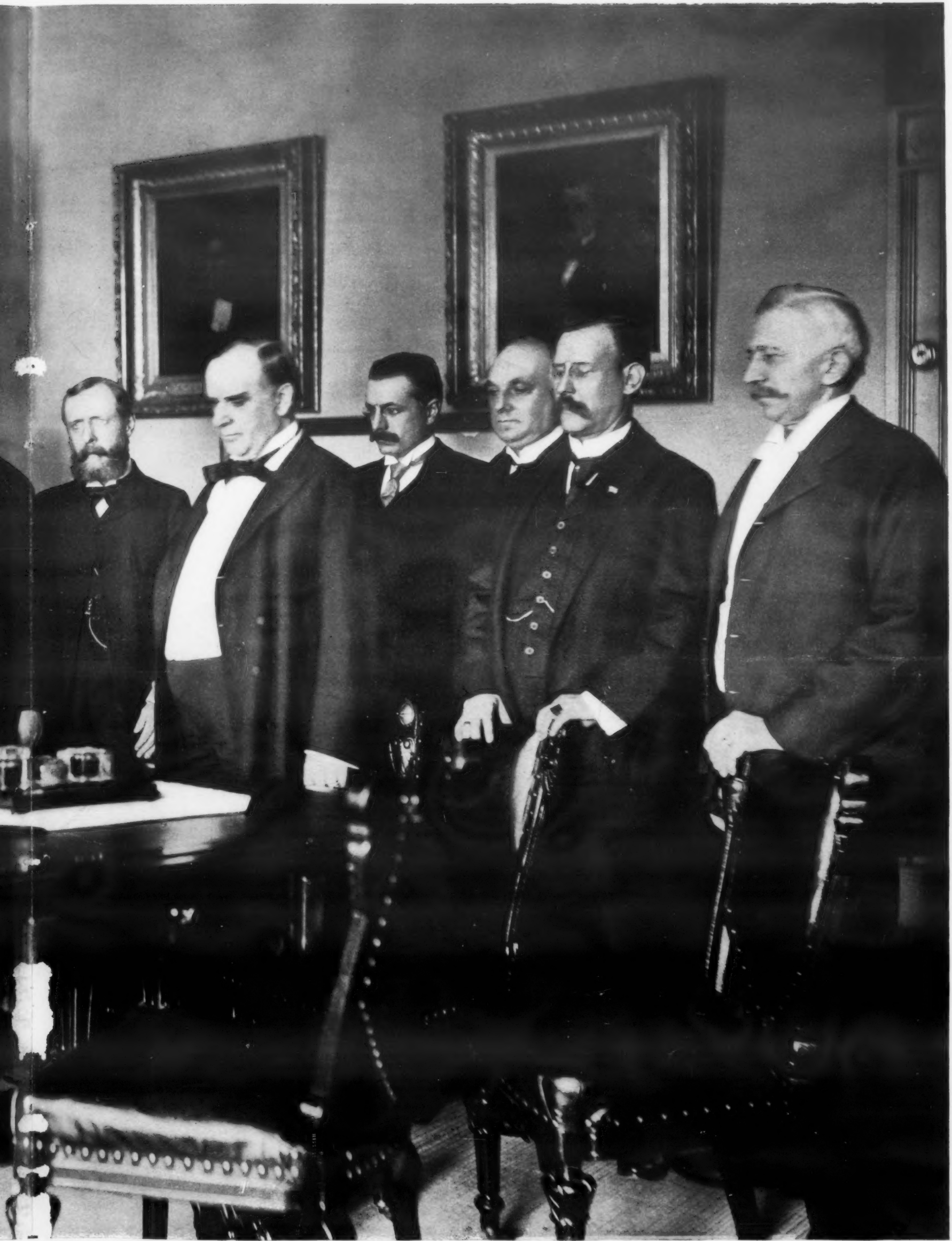
John B. Moore,
First Assistant Secretary of State.

A. J. ...
Second Assistant

SIGNING OF THE PEACE

SECRETARY OF STATE DAY SIGNING THE HISTORIC DOCUMENT WHICH MARKED THE CESSATION OF HOSTILITIES. IN THE PRESENCE OF PRESIDENT

THIS PHOTOGRAPH IS THE ONLY AUTHENTIC PICTURE MADE OF THE HISTORIC MEETING, AT



A. A. Ades,
Second Assistant Secretary of State,
of State.

William McKinley,
President.

George B. Cortelyou,
Assistant Secretary to the President.

O. L. Pruden,
Assistant Secretary to the President.

Thomas W. Cridler,
Third Assistant Secretary of State.

Charles M. Loeffler,
Door-keeper of the Cabinet room.

E PEACE PROTOCOL.

ENCE OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY, THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR, AND OTHER DISTINGUISHED PERSONS.—COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY FRANCES B. JOHNSTON.
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It is a wonderful soap that takes hold quick and does no harm.

No harm! It leaves the skin soft like a baby's; no alkali in it, nothing but soap. The harm is done by alkali. Still more harm is done by not washing. So, bad soap is better than none.

What is bad soap? Imperfectly made; the fat and alkali not well balanced or not combined.

What is good soap?
Pears'.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists, all sorts of people use it.



Tho' love be cold
Do not despair—
There's Ypsilanti
Underwear.

Ypsilanti Health Underwear
is made in all sizes
and all weights. Fits the
form perfectly. Helps
clothes fit. Sold in cities
and larger towns.
Booklet free
HAY & TODD MFG. CO.,
Ypsilanti, Mich.

The Sense of Heat and Fatigue
will quickly vanish

after a bath with

Glenn's

Sulphur Soap

It removes impurities and cures the disagreeable itching skin eruptions so common in the summer time.

CAUTION:—Glenn's Sulphur Soap (the only "original") is incomparable and wonderful in its remedial effects. Take no other. Of druggists.

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The Unrivalled Hair Tonic
The Only Dandruff Cure
A Sure Preventive of Baldness

Invented by the well-known authority on diseases of the scalp, **Dr. P. J. Eichhoff**, Professor of Dermatology, Elberfeld, Germany.
Experience has shown that all other specifics recommended for these purposes have proved failures.
Send for circular.
SOLE U. S. AGENTS,
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POWDER
makes them
beautiful.
TRY IT.
Take no Substitute.
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE 50¢.

It rests with you whether you continue the nerve-killing tobacco habit, **NO-TO-BAC** removes the desire for tobacco, with out nervous distress, expels nicotine, purifies the blood, restores lost manhood, sold, 400,000 in health, nerve cases cured. Buy and pocket. **NO-TO-BAC** from your own druggist, who will vouch for us. Take it with a will, patiently, persistently. One box, \$1, usually cures; 3 boxes, \$2.50, guaranteed to cure, or we refund money.
Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago, Montreal, New York.

LONDON (ENGLAND).
THE LANCHAM Portland Place. Unrivalled situation at top of Regent Street. A favorite hotel with Americans. Every modern improvement.

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Dr. Williams's Indian Pile Ointment will cure Blind, Ulcerated and Itching Piles. It absorbs the tumors, allays the itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Dr. Williams's Indian Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and Itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Sold by druggists; sent by mail, 50c, and \$1.00 per box. **WILLIAMS' MFG CO., Cleveland, O.**

THE CELEBRATED
SOHMER

Heads the List of the
Highest-Grade Pianos.

Caution.—The buying public will please not confound the genuine **SOHMER** Piano with one of a similar-sounding name of a cheap grade.
Our name spells—

S-O-H-M-E-R
New York Warerooms. **SOHMER BUILDING,**
Fifth Ave., cor. 22d St.

SARATOGA,
THOUSAND ISLANDS,
ADIRONDACK
MOUNTAINS.

The greatest of American health and pleasure resorts are directly reached by the through parlor and sleeping cars of the New York Central. The service by this great line is elegant and luxurious in every particular, strictly maintaining the apt title bestowed upon it of "America's Greatest Railroad."

For a book or folder descriptive of the above resorts, together with the time and rates of fare, send a two-cent stamp to George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

Appreciative Words.

THE current issue of **LESLIE'S WEEKLY** is full of interesting matter relating to the war, in both pictures and text. Not less interesting are the articles which accompany the illustrations. The editorial articles are timely and to the point.—*Rochester (New York) Union and Advertiser.*

"BLUE MONDAY" made bright with Abbott's—The Original Angostura Bitters, as a spirit revivifier. Good stomach makes light heart. Get only Abbott's.

THE name of Sohmer & Co. upon a piano is a guarantee of its excellence.

DR. SIEGERT'S Angostura Bitters are the most efficacious stimulant to excite the appetite.

Advice to Mothers: MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

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SEND a two-cent stamp to Edson J. Weeks, General Passenger Agent Philadelphia and Reading Railway, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and receive by return mail an illustrated booklet on Atlantic City, giving list of hotels and boarding-houses, as well as other information of value. Please note also that frequent fast trains equipped with Pullman parlor-cars and latest improved modern coaches run between Philadelphia and New York City via Philadelphia and Reading route.

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Half the charm of a photographic outing is lost if one carries along several pounds of glass plates and holders and has every moment filled with anxiety for their safety.

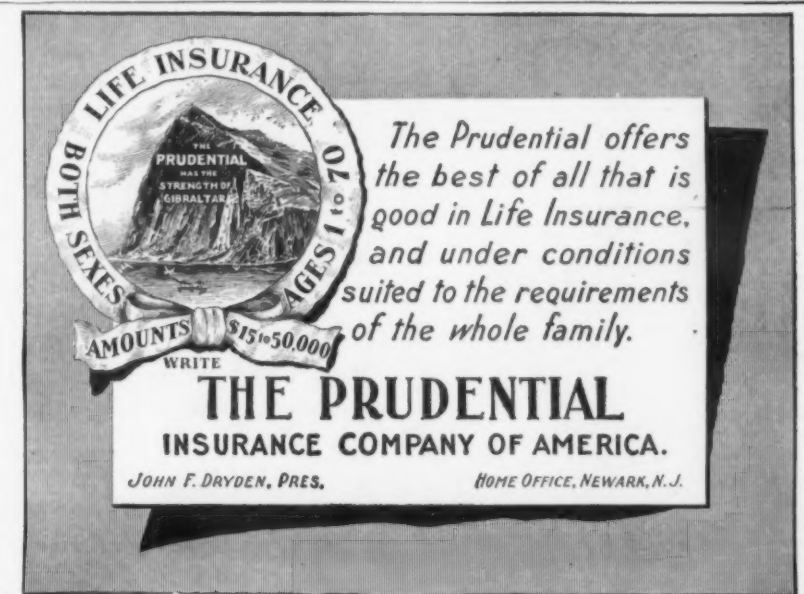
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use non-breakable film cartridges, which weigh ounces where plates weigh pounds.

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Catalogues free at agencies or by mail.

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LIFE INSURANCE
BOTH SEXES
AGES 1 to 100
AMOUNTS \$15 to \$50,000
WRITE
THE PRUDENTIAL
INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA.
JOHN F. DRYDEN, PRES. **HOME OFFICE, NEWARK, N. J.**

The Prudential offers the best of all that is good in Life Insurance, and under conditions suited to the requirements of the whole family.

NAPOLEON,
The Man of Destiny.

Leslie's Weekly presents to its readers a sumptuous and massive volume entitled

NAPOLEON'S VICTORIES,

consisting of the Authentic Memoirs of Capt. Charles Parquin, of the Imperial Guard, from Austerlitz to Waterloo.

Beyond all question this is the most magnificent historical art work ever brought out in this country. It contains over two hundred superb engravings designed expressly for this work, together with a series of Magnificent Colored Plates, by Boussoa, Valadou et Cie, Paris, prepared for this famous house by such renowned French artists as De Mybach, Dupray Walker, Sargent, and Roy. This statement alone will make lovers of the beautiful eager for the work, but we may also add that the drawings of these great artists have been reproduced for "Napoleon's Victories" by a new and secret process, which preserves every touch of the artist's individuality, and is the embodiment of all that is perfect in art. The text of the work will be regarded as a unique and precious contribution to Napoleonic literature. It is the

PLAIN UNVARNISHED TALE

of a soldier, thrilling from its very simplicity, and while bringing the reader into direct contact with the overshadowing personality of Napoleon, it spreads out before him the whole mighty drama of the Napoleonic epoch.

AN UNPRECEDENTED OPPORTUNITY.

The work contains more than 300 pages, size 11x13 1/4 inches, printed on extra-heavy enameled paper, and in point of binding and typographical appearance is artistically perfect. Complete in one Imperial Folio Volume, bound in full Morocco, full Gilt Edges.

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Signed, _____



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Bo:—"I say, mister, take your pants off quick. The dog wuz brought up on a Cuban plantation, an' he never sees a pair o' check pants but he thinks the wearer 's a tramp or a Spanyard an' he goes for him: I can't hold him much longer, neither!"

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Baltimore Rye.

RICH, PURE FLAVOR.

"An art worthy the knowledge and practice of a wise man."—WALTON

When you smoke a pipe,
you smoke economically!
When you smoke a pipe:
—smoke

Yale Mixture

A Gentleman's Smoke

In it and you will have a
cool, sweet, wholesome
smoke.

For Sale Everywhere.

"A PERFECT FOOD—as Wholesome
as it is Delicious."

**Walter Baker & Co.'s
Breakfast
Cocoa**



Trade-Mark.

Costs less than one cent a cup.

Our Trade-Mark on Every Package.

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ESTABLISHED 1780.

COMFORT
secured by using the
**Improved Washburne
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applied to
Bachelors' Buttons,
Pencil Holders,
Eye-glass Holders.
Sample of any of the
above sent postpaid for
10 cents.
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Cuff Holders,
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Pair of any of these for
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These little articles are
simply, with nothing about
them to break or get out of
order. Hold with bull-dog
tenacity, but don't tear the fab-
ric.
Their utility makes them
an absolute necessity.

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AMERICAN RING CO.
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"Great Western" is a typical American product,
and has won its way into clubs, hotels and homes on
merit, in preference to foreign wines.

If you don't get
"Great Western"
you don't get the best
American Champagne.

A trial case will sat-
isfy the most fas-
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THEN TRY**

VIN MARIANI

MARIANI WINE--The Famous Tonic for Body and Brain.

Mariani Wine gives power to the brain, strength
and elasticity to the muscles and richness to the
blood. It is a promoter of good health and longevity.

Mariani Wine is endorsed by more than 8,000
General, Sir Evelyn Wood.



"Regarding the infantry marching in the
recent manoeuvres, it was the best seen during
my command at Aldershot. Many officers
availed themselves of the tonic and reconsti-
tuent properties of the well-known Mariani
Wine, the most certain as well as the most palat-
able method of inducing resistance to fatigue."
From "The London Sketch."

American physicians. It
is specially indicated for
General Debility, Overwork,
Profound Depression and
Exhaustion, Throat and
Lung Diseases, Consump-
tion and Malaria.

Mariani Wine is in-
valuable for overworked
men, delicate women and
sickly children. It soothes,
strengthens and sustains
the system, and braces
body and brain.

To those who will kindly write to MARIANI &
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free, book containing portraits with endorsements of
Emperors, Empress, Princes, Cardinals, Archbishops
and other interesting matter. Mention this publication.

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